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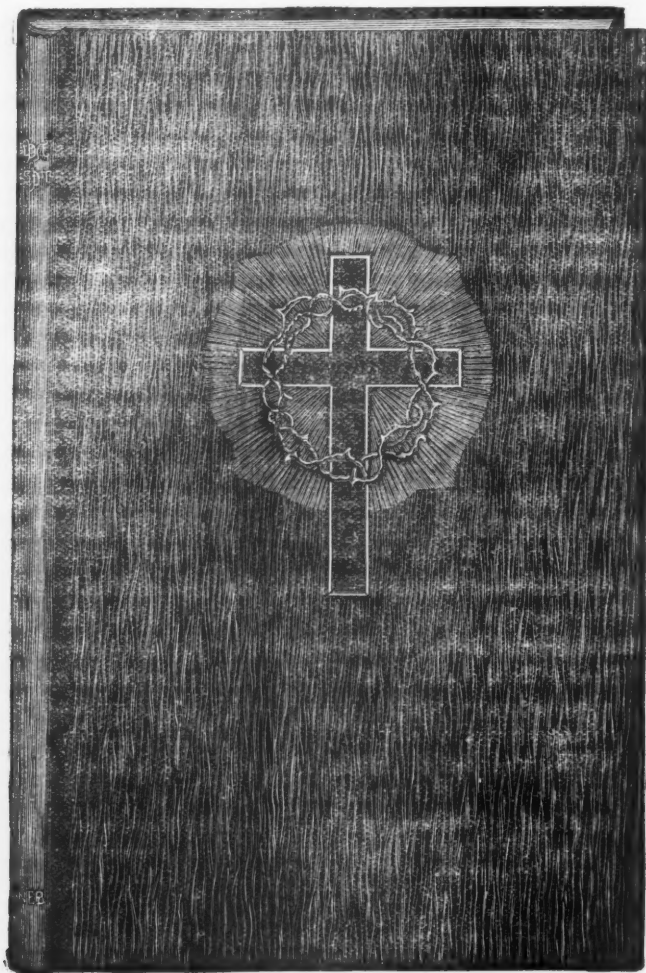
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AT the date of this writing the plague is raging in various parts of India. The great majority of all who are attacked die of it quickly. Its victims thus far are chiefly those who have been already weakened by want of sufficient food. For, in this instance, as in former visitations, the plague is preceded by failure of the crops, and consequent famine. In all epidemics it is the rule that those who for any reason are weakest become the earliest and easiest prey of the disease. For the human body is like a house or a fortification; the more firmly built it is, and the thicker the walls, the more likely it is successfully to resist any attack or onset from without. It doesn't take much of a blow to kill a man who has just strength enough to breathe; neither does it take much of a local disturbance to set one's nerves twanging and jumping with pain when the vital energy of the whole system is low and feeble.

Now, it was the latter state of things that made Mrs. Amelia Fenner have such a fearful time with neuralgia. In and of itself neuralgia is just nothing at all. The word means pain in a nerve or set of nerves. There is nothing about it that you can weigh or measure, but there is something about it that you can *feel*, very keenly, too, as everybody who has had it knows. It is as though a nerve had somehow broken loose from its fastenings, and was being shaken and *slatted* about, like a telegraph wire in a gale.

Perhaps we shall understand better after we have read Mrs. Fenner's letter: "In the autumn of last year (1896)," she says, "I began to feel ill and out of sorts. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had weight and pain as if a load was on my chest. I felt weak and nervous, and suffered from *neuralgia in the head*. The pain was excruciating, and I got no rest or ease night or day. From the top of my head down the spine I was racked with pain. This continued for over three months, when my sister-in-law recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I got a bottle from Mr. Wiseman, grocer, and, taking this medicine, found wonderful relief. All pain left me, and I felt that new life was put into me. Since that time I have kept in good health. You can publish this statement as you think fit. (Signed) (Mrs.) Amelia Fenner, 7, Ida Cottages, Perry Street, Gravesend, January 8th, 1897."

There is, by the way, another letter under my hand, and inasmuch as they both teach the same lesson, let us copy that also.

"For years," the writer goes on to say, "I had suffered from weakness, having no energy. I felt languid and weak, and had no appetite. After eating I had great pain at the chest, as if a load was on it. I had a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach, which made me feel miserable. I was much troubled with wind, belching up a sour, nasty fluid. The wind seemed to be pressing upon the heart, causing palpitation. At night I got little or no sleep, and got very weak and low. I consulted a doctor from time to time, but got only temporary relief. In September of last year (1896) a friend recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I got a bottle of this medicine from Mr. Wiseman, grocer, Perry Street, and after taking it I felt better every way. The pain at my heart ceased, and I could eat well, all food agreeing with me, and I was better than for years. My husband, who suffered from indigestion, has also taken the same medicine with great benefit. You can publish this statement as you like. (Signed) (Mrs.) Emily Lane, The Cuckoo, Newman's Road, Perry Street, Gravesend. January 8th, 1897."

Both these ladies suffered from dyspepsia, and both had nervous troubles, one of them in the form of neuralgia, the other in the form of insomnia, or sleeplessness. Being a part of the body, the nerves require feeding like the rest of it. When they are half-starved they protest and cry out in some way or another. They may torture their owner with agonies of pain, or they may make him wild and wakeful, and subject him to all sorts of alarms. Among the various causes of nervous ailments there is none that makes so much mischief with these sensitive white cords as dyspepsia. Nervousness is but one of many of the results and symptoms of bad digestion. In curing *dyspepsia* Mother Seigel's Syrup renews the strength and vigour of the whole body. *Then* it can defy almost any enemy. You see the force and reasonableness of the lesson, no doubt, and will profit by it yourself, and repeat it to others who may stand in need of the same knowledge.

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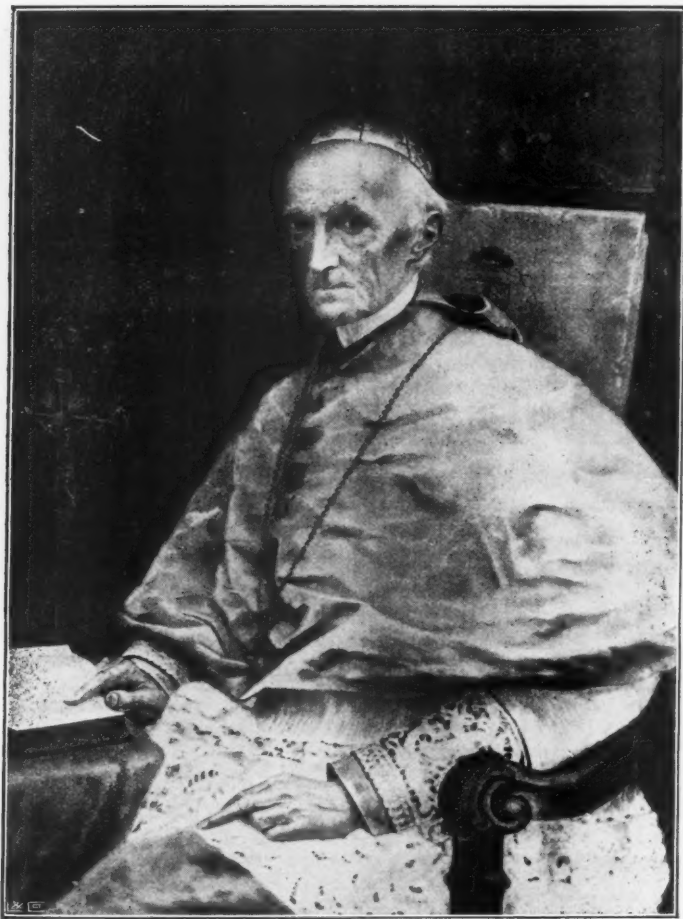
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Victoria Triumphatrix.

THE ends of earth keep jubilee
Where'er the banner is unfurled,
That borne upon its native sea,
Hath cast a girdle round the world.

In lands that look to every sky,
Lit by the never-setting sun,
To-day in love and loyalty
A thousand peoples are as one,

And in accord one chorus raise,
In tongues diverse since Babel's day,
The homage that an Empire pays
To her it glories to obey.

While devastating far and wide,
The flood of change doth all subdue,
And, ancient landmarks set aside,
Old order yieldeth place to new,

She holds her regal heritage
Beneath her guardianship secure,
Its guiding star from youth to age,
Unfailing as the Cynosure.

A longer and a larger sway
Is hers than have our monarchs seen,
Yet brings not this alone to-day
A nation's tribute to its Queen,

But more, the high example set
Of royal virtues all her own,
Amid the light that never yet
So fiercely beat upon a throne.

Not statecraft could avail, nor might,
To win the fealty of the free,
And as yoke-fellows thus unite
Imperial power and liberty :

'Tis therefore all the land ablaze
Acclaims the sovereign it reveres,
And, thankful for her length of days,
Finds all too brief these sixty years.

'Tis sixty years since.

Grande mortalis ævi spatium—"a large slice out of a man's life," says Tacitus of a space of fifteen years, and its significance in our regard is much more than quadrupled when it is multiplied by four. The threescore years of the happy reign we are now celebrating cover a period as long as separated Sir Walter Scott from the events with which he dealt in *Waverley*, and, as he tells us, he chose for his story a date so remote, that the strangeness of the world to which his readers found themselves transported might help to secure their interest for his work. The days of Prince Charlie were, no doubt, very different from those of Napoleon Bonaparte, but the face of the world and the course of human life had not altered so much in the interval, although it included the French Revolution, as they have in these sixty restless and inventive years, during which nothing in our land has remained unaltered except the person of the Sovereign who rules it, and the affectionate loyalty of her people, on which, in her first public utterance, she expressed her reliance, and which, amidst all variation of circumstances, has but waxed deeper and stronger, to culminate in the unprecedented demonstration of to-day.

Amongst the transformations which this epoch has witnessed, not the least astonishing is that of the position of the Church in Great Britain. How far it still is from what every Catholic desires, we are painfully aware; but when we look back at the state of things when her Majesty ascended the throne, we seem almost to find ourselves in the days of the penal laws, of which, only eight years previously, the Act of Emancipation had made an end. Without attempting any full examination of the statistics of the subject, which are, we believe, to be treated elsewhere, a few main points may be indicated, which will give us some idea of the difference those sixty years have wrought.¹

¹ Our figures are taken from the *Catholic Directory* for 1838—its first year of publication separately from the *Laity's Directory*—and represent the condition of

Nothing is more striking than the small hold which the Church then had upon the metropolis and its neighbourhood. The Vicariate Apostolic of the London District, comprising the counties of Bedford, Berks, Bucks, Essex, Hants, Herts, Kent, Middlesex, Surrey, Sussex, and the Channel Islands, embraced the present archdiocese, the dioceses of Southwark and Portsmouth, and part of that of Northampton. For this great area there were but 102 priests, serving 71 churches, chapels of ease, or stations, in not a few instances one priest having charge of two or more important places. Now, in the same district, there are 383 churches and chapels, and 841 priests.

As to London in particular, the phraseology of the old *Directory* plainly indicates how much the capital itself has changed since 1837. The list of churches and chapels runs thus :

LONDON. Eastwards. Moorfields—Virginia Street, Ratcliff Highway—German Chapel, Bow Lane, Cheapside.

Central. Sardinian Chapel, Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields—St. Patrick's, Soho.

Westwards. Bavarian Chapel, Warwick Street—Spanish Place—French Chapel, Little George Street, Portman Square—Westminster, St. Mary's, Romney Terrace, Marsham Street.

Western vicinity. Chelsea—Kensington—Hammersmith—Acton—Isleworth—Richmond.

Northern vicinity. St. John's Wood—Somerstown—Hampstead.

Eastern vicinity. Poplar—Bermondsey—Stratford—Totenham.

Southern vicinity. Belgian Chapel, St. George's Fields—Greenwich—Woolwich.

Altogether, there were 44 priests and 20 chapels in Middlesex, and 11 priests and 6 chapels in Surrey.

things at the close of 1837, the year of the Queen's Accession. In this, no list of clergy is given, and their numbers have to be gathered from the account of the various missions which they served. The total arrived at is thus somewhat smaller than it undoubtedly should be, no account being taken of those living in community, or working in colleges, and having no part in parochial work. These cannot, however, have been very numerous. On the other hand, some names are probably reckoned twice over, or even oftener.

A note appended to the mention of the French chapel introduces a bit of history. "The Catholic Nobility, Gentry, and the Catholics in general, are respectfully informed, that in consequence of the events of July, 1830, this chapel is no longer protected or supported by the French Government."

Not less interesting is another matter connected with the French clergy in England. Prefixed to the *Directory* is a list of "French clergymen who have signed the Declaration of Catholic Communion;" all who have not signed it being forbidden under pain of excommunication to exercise any priestly function. This is of course a relic of what was known in England as the Blanchardist schism, which distracted the French *émigré* clergy from 1798 onwards, and still lingers in France as the *Petite Église*. It is rather surprising to find that at the end of the year 1837, there were still one hundred and eight French priests in this country who had accepted the required test, and presumably a large number who refused to do so.

In comparison with London and the Home Counties, the Catholicity of the North was remarkable. The Northern District, which embraced Cheshire, Cumberland, Durham, Lancashire, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, and the Isle of Man, with its 190 churches or chapels, and 212 priests, must have appeared a very stronghold of the faith. Its territories are now divided between the dioceses of Hexham and Newcastle, Liverpool, Salford, Leeds, and Middlesbrough, and Cheshire belongs to that of Shrewsbury: there are within its limits 601 churches or chapels, and 1,066 priests. The northern folk still keep an unquestioned pre-eminence, but others happily have been able to do much to diminish the distance they were behind.

The Midland District—consisting of Cambridgeshire, Derbyshire, Hunts, Leicester, Lincoln, Norfolk, Northampton, Notts, Oxford, Rutland, Shropshire, Stafford, Suffolk, Warwick, and Worcester—had 119 churches and chapels, with but 86 priests, sufficient evidence of its missionary character. It has given place to the dioceses of Birmingham, Northampton, Nottingham, and a part of Shrewsbury, with 291 churches and chapels, and 441 priests.

The Western District included Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Gloucester, Hereford, Monmouth, Somerset, Wilts, and the whole of Wales—with 53 chapels and 55 priests—and represents

the dioceses of Clifton, Newport, and Plymouth, and the Vicariate of the Principality. These together can count 337 priests, and 189 places of divine worship.

In Scotland, it will be sufficient to say that there were 67 priests and 64 chapels. There were but two chapels in Glasgow, Dr. Scott, Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, and his Coadjutor, Dr. Murdoch, acting as their senior parish priests. These were also the only Catholic chapels in the great county of Lanark. In the Eastern District a single priest served the missions of Dundee, Arbroath, and Montrose. Now, there are in Scotland two archdioceses and four dioceses, 332 churches or chapels, and 404 priests.

If we look beyond the boundaries of the four seas, the contrast is no less remarkable. At the close of 1837 we find the following list of Catholic Bishops or Vicariates Apostolic in British Dependencies: Quebec, Montreal, Kingston (Upper Canada), Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Trinidad, Jamaica, Mauritius, Madras, Calcutta, Australia, Cape of Good Hope—13 in all.

In the present year we find in the Dominion of Canada 7 Archbishops and 21 Bishops; in Newfoundland, an Archbishop, 2 Bishops, and a Prefect Apostolic; in the West Indies, an Archbishop and 4 Bishops, or Vicars Apostolic; in Australia, 5 Archbishops and 17 Bishops; in New Zealand, an Archbishop and 4 Bishops (including the Vicariate Apostolic of Fiji); in Africa, 9 Vicariates and 5 Prefectures; in India, 7 Archbishops, 24 Bishops and Vicars Apostolic, and 4 Prefects Apostolic. Altogether there are in the British Empire, 170 Archiepiscopal or Episcopal sees, Vicariates, and Prefectures.

Coming home again, we find for 1837 the following list of Catholic Colleges in England: St. Edmunds, Old Hall; Sedgley Park, Prior Park, Downside, Ushaw, Stonyhurst, Oscott, Ampleforth, and the German College, Worcestershire. If in this department the change is less remarkable than in others, it is not so with "Ladies' Schools in Communities," of which the catalogue is extremely meagre—viz., Spetisbury House, Blandford, Dorset; Newhall; Bishop's House, Winchester; Presentation Convent, Manchester (for teaching in primary schools); Hammersmith; Taunton; Princethorpe; Caverswall Castle (now Oulton); Salford House, Evesham; Micklegate Bar, York; Clare Lodge, Catterick. Scanty as is the list, it is clearly larger than it should be, as appears from this other

which follows, of "Communities without Schools," where we meet one of the above establishments over again :

Bridgittines, Aston Hall, Stone ; *Poor Clares*, Clare Lodge, Catterick ; *Teresians*, Llanherne, Darlington ; *Benedictines*, Aston Hall, Stafford ; *Visitation*, Westbury.

More remarkable even than what can be expressed by figures, is the whole attitude of the Catholic body towards their fellow-countrymen, so far as it is possible to realize what was almost entirely negative. A natural effect of the system of violent repression they had so long experienced, was to make Catholics extremely shy of attracting attention, thinking it a wonderful thing to be allowed to live in peace, and that sleeping dogs were better left to lie. There was an almost absolute dearth of Catholic periodical literature—the weekly *Orthodox Journal*, and monthly *Edinburgh Catholic Magazine*, having the field to themselves. The first thing to strike the reader is the evidence these publications afford of the injury which so long an ostracism from English life had inflicted upon Catholics. Amongst the things which have changed during the present reign, the Queen's English, no doubt, furnishes not the least conspicuous example, and the style of writing generally adopted sixty years ago in newspapers or magazines would appear to our generation as extravagant as the fashions in ladies' bonnets at the same period. Catholic journalists, however, left others far behind in this respect, and the flights in which they indulged, especially when they wished to be particularly impressive, were such as the least discreet scribe nowadays would shrink from attempting. Equally noticeable is their paucity of matter. Not only is the information conveyed as much out of proportion to the language employed, as Falstaff's poor halfpennyworth of bread to his monstrous deal of sack, but topics of public and permanent interest would appear to have been sedulously ignored. Of the accession of Queen Victoria, we look in vain even for any mention, other than a brief and bald account of a treat given on occasion of her proclamation to the school children at Stockport, who, we are told, after walking through the streets in procession, were plentifully regaled with currant-bread and cider, and departed to their respective homes highly delighted with the day's amusement.¹ Stockport would indeed seem to have been remarkable for its loyalty and enterprise, for on occasion of the Coronation, a year later, we find its

¹ *Orthodox Journal*, v. 31.

doings again chronicled, along with those at Hinckley, Nuneaton, and Wrexham.¹ The opening paragraph in the account of these last must be quoted :

As no era has, since the reign of Alfred, exhibited fairer features of universal comfort to the British Empire, nor had Britons on any occasion since stronger hopes than are now anticipated, never were subjects more anxiously engaged than in their preparations previous to her Majesty's coronation, nor has such universal interest at any time manifested itself clearer than when the day arrived that Victoria, the favourite of the nation and beloved of her people, should wear a crown and wield the British sceptre.

How completely aloof from public life Catholics in general kept themselves, is evidenced by the singular fact that no mention whatever is discoverable of the General Election which followed the accession of the new Sovereign. This is the more remarkable as in one point that period contrasts favourably with the present, namely, that in the Queen's first Parliament we find five Catholics returned for English constituencies : The Earl of Surrey² for West Sussex, Lord Fitzalan³ for Arundel, the Hon. Charles Langdale for Knaresborough, Philip Howard for Carlisle, and William Massey Stanley for Pontrefact. Of Catholic Members for Irish constituencies there were only 31, but these included Daniel O'Connell and Richard Lalor Sheil.

However the position of the Catholic Church may have changed since 1837, her transformation obviously is as nothing to that which during the same period has been wrought in the Anglican communion. Sixty years ago the Church of England, having not the faintest suspicion of her own Catholicity, and proud of her discontinuity, still assailed her connatural foe with the good old weapons bequeathed from the times of Queen Elizabeth, denouncing the doctrines and practices of which she now discovers herself to have been the ever faithful guardian. A good illustration of the kind of difficulties Catholics then had to face at her hands is afforded by the case of one Mrs. Woolfrey, who set up in the churchyard of Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, a monument to her deceased husband, in the form of a cross, and bearing the inscription : "Pray for the soul of Joseph Woolfrey—It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead." There-

¹ *Orthodox Journal*, vii. 28 and 124.

² Henry Charles, afterwards 13th Duke of Norfolk.

³ Henry Granville, afterwards 14th Duke of Norfolk.

upon the Vicar, Rev. J. Breeks, instituted criminal proceedings against her, demanding that she should not only be ordered to remove the stone, and be canonically corrected and punished, but moreover should be condemned in the costs; it being pleaded that her action was contrary to the doctrine, discipline, acts, canons, and constitutions of the Church of England, and a great scandal and offence to the members thereof. The case was brought before the Court of Arches,¹ where Sir Herbert Jenner delivered an elaborate judgment which is very interesting reading. The Church of England, he declared, undoubtedly condemned the doctrine of Purgatory, but although this doctrine clearly involved prayer for the dead, it did not necessarily follow that prayer for the dead involved belief in Purgatory. As for such prayer, the Church of England considered it utterly useless, and strongly discountenanced it, but she nowhere explicitly forbade it, and hence it could not strictly speaking be declared illegal. It was urged, moreover, that the text appended from the Book of Maccabees, being taken from the Douay version, was unlawful—but the court was of opinion that the translation was not inconsistent with the sense assigned to the same passage in the authorized version. "The court must therefore hold that the offence imputed was not sustained, for that there was no article or canon by which prayers for the dead were expressly prohibited, and the practice could only be considered as discouraged, therefore, and not forbidden." The defendant consequently escaped, and the monument was left standing, but without detriment to the pure Protestantism of the Establishment which, after her wont, suffered that to be done which she considered contrary to sound doctrine.²

¹ Dec. 12, 1838. See *Catholic Magazine*, Jan. 1839, p. 52.

² *Catholic Magazine*, February, 1839, p. 137. Out of this affair there grew a lively controversy in the public press, between the Low Church party, represented by the *Standard* and *Morning Herald*, and the High Church (Trinitarians), represented by the *Morning Post*, which serves to illustrate what has been said above concerning the development of journalism. The Low Church organs contended, very logically, that Sir H. Jenner's decision had "inflicted on the Church of England the most serious blow that it has sustained since the days of Laud," since if prayer for the dead be admitted, the doctrine of Purgatory must inevitably follow. In reply, the *Morning Post* denounced the writer of the *Standard* as an "insane journalist," a "rabid contemporary," indulging in "Bedlamite ratiocination," and "a mouthing and thoroughly mortified pedant." The *Standard* retaliated by styling him of the *Post*, a "Romanizing contemporary," a "disguised Romanist," and a "frivolous dunce." (*Ibid.* p. 117.) There is an interesting allusion to this case in the recently published *Memorials of Mr. Sergeant Bellasis* (p. 43), whom this incident materially helped

This must serve as a sample of the doctrinal conflicts in which Catholics had to engage sixty years ago. Of attacks of another kind we find a specimen about the same time, which even the Protestant Alliance would scarcely venture to emulate at the present day. An Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Michael Augustus Gathercole, published in the *Churchman*, February, 1837, an attack on nunneries in general, and those at Scorton and Darlington in particular, charging them, in language too gross for quotation, with horrible immorality, and wholesale infanticide. The Scorton community boldly prosecuted him for libel, when it appeared that he had no knowledge whatever of their convent, and could allege no evidence of any sort for his accusations, beyond his conviction that such things must happen in all such establishments. So clear was the case that the reverend gentleman having no defence was found guilty, and Mr. Justice Patteson, though evidently with much reluctance, and giving him credit for all possible goodness of motive, sentenced him to the not excessive penalty of three months' imprisonment in the Marshalsea.

But whatever were their difficulties and limitations, the Catholics of 1837 were full of heart, and indulged in roseate anticipations, which with all our advantages we find it difficult to match. Everything in this world is relative, and the slight symptoms of unwonted progress which their recent Emancipation necessarily evoked, filled their souls with hopes the value of which we are better able to estimate than were they. The tide of conversions had scarcely begun to flow; we find in the journals we are considering, covering a period of two years, scarcely any record under this supremely important head, and what there is seems but to show that the progress of the Church in this direction was practically *nil*. The most striking feature of Catholicity at the present day, the large convert element everywhere met with, was therefore non-existent, nor had signs yet been discerned of the movement which was to come. Yet to judge from their language, our predecessors fancied themselves to be on the eve of victory all along the line. One example out of many must again suffice. In the *Orthodox Journal*, of July 21, 1838, is an article, sarcastically headed, "Alarming Progress of Popery!" which after jubilantly declaring that the days of

in his progress towards the Church. Speaking of the Woolfrey monument, the Sergeant wrote: "There was a universal outcry about it, the whole Anglican Hierarchy being opposed to its legality."

the State Church are manifestly numbered, thus continues : "It is with feelings of exultation that we communicate to our readers the following glorious intelligence, which sufficiently proves that Catholicism is triumphantly moving onwards in this country with gigantic strides." The glorious intelligence is, that Catholic chapels have been opened at Stirling, Wellington, and Tunbridge Wells, that the foundation-stone of one has been laid at Derby, that one is building at Leeds, and another projected at Billingham.

We may fittingly conclude this brief review in words borrowed from the Ode wherewith the *Catholic Magazine*¹ signalized her Majesty's Coronation, testifying to the universal enthusiasm which welcomed her. It was from the pen of Mr. J. R. Best, and was largely occupied with narrative matter, which, however unsuited for such a form of verse, is interesting as illustrating the way in which from the first the Queen captivated the hearts of her people, who were ready, as Cardinal Newman has noted, to believe anything good of her, without troubling themselves to sift the evidence for the innumerable tales of which she was the heroine.² More to our purpose are those passages which essay to presage the features of the coming reign, and now in the light of accomplished facts, appear in no small degree entitled to claim that measure of the prophetic spirit to which poets are wont to aspire. It is needless to remark on the evidence the Ode affords that the influence of Scott was still strong upon verse-writers.

Be it thine to soothe each bitter grief,
From long misrule to grant relief,
To whelm the wrong, to shield the right,

¹ July, 1838.

² "There is our Queen again, who is so truly and justly popular ; she roves about in the midst of tradition and romance ; she scatters myths and legends from her as she goes along ; she is a being of poetry, and you might fairly be sceptical whether she had any personal existence. She is always at some beautiful, noble, bounteous work or other, if you trust the papers. She is doing almsdeeds in the Highlands ; she meets beggars in her rides at Windsor ; she writes verses in albums, or draws sketches, or is mistaken for the housekeeper by some blind old woman, or she runs up a hill, as if she were a child. Who finds fault with these things ? he would be a cynic, he would be white-livered, and would have gall for blood, who was not struck with this graceful, touching evidence of the love which her subjects bear her. Who could have the head, even if he had the heart, who could be so cross and peevish, who could be so solemn and perverse, as to say that some of the stories *may* be simple lies, and all of them might have stronger evidence than they carry with them ?" (*Position of Catholics*, Lecture vii.)

To join all parties, and unite
Them firmly into one :
To amend whate'er reform may need
To blend each nation, party, creed,
In justice round the throne.
Thus ruling all with equal sway,
Whate'er the creed their hearts obey,
Those hearts will be thine own.
Then knowledge will assert her power,
Will grow with each succeeding hour,
Till all shall learn that rule to bless,
Which gives peace, union, happiness.

So Victoria's reign shall be
Through all futurity renowned,
As that which shed peace, harmony,
Arts, lasting happiness around ;
A happiness built up upon
The world's wide welfare, England's, and her own.

J. G.

Our English Catholic Bible.

AT no time should it be necessary to apologize for an article on the history of our English Catholic Bible. There is, however, a particular reason which suggests the subject as likely to be welcome at the present time. The Delegacy which regulates the Oxford Local Examinations has kindly agreed to accept in future from its Catholic candidates a knowledge of the Douay instead of the Anglican Authorized Version, and has even appointed a Catholic examiner to set and read through their papers. Thus the principal difficulty which till now has stood in the way is removed, and our teachers may be expected to present their pupils for the Scripture examination in greater numbers. It is such teachers and their pupils that we have chiefly in view in the two articles we are proposing to write. The result of the new arrangement must necessarily be to direct their attention more minutely to the special features of the Douay version, and they may be glad to read a simple account of the facts relating to its origin and the revisions through which it has passed, together with an appreciation of the merits and demerits which belong to its different forms.

Perhaps to some it will be news that this version has ever existed in another form than the present, still less that the present text is other than uniform. The original Rheims version is, however, notably different from the present, and if any one will compare the present text, say in Messrs. Burns and Oates' sixpenny Testament, with that in Messrs. Duffy's duodecimo Testament bearing Cardinal Cullen's *imprimatur*, he will notice variations between the two which, though too slight in their character to be of practical consequence from a Local Examination point of view, are sufficiently numerous to be of interest and require explanation. The present article will deal with the old Rheims and Douay text as it issued from the hands of its first translators. In a second article we shall deal with the same text in the modern form, or forms, which it has assumed since the days of Bishop Challoner.

The University of Oxford was a special sufferer by the accession of Elizabeth. Its best men remaining faithful to the old religion were driven into exile, and took away with them a large portion of the culture of the country. A select body of those who were thus exiled collected in course of time at Douay, where an English Seminary was established in 1568, for the purpose of training priests for the English Mission who might carry on the work of the Marian priests then fast dying out. This Douay Seminary was destined, as we know, to live, and to play an important part in the preservation of English Catholicism; but very soon after its establishment it fell suddenly into such disfavour with the townspeople (amongst whom Elizabeth's agents had apparently been making mischief), that it was necessary to transfer it for a while from the Spanish to the French dominions. Hence, in 1576, eight years after its foundation at Douay, the community withdrew to Rheims, nor was it till 1593 that a return to their original home became possible. It was during their sojourn at Rheims, that the task of providing an English version of the Bible was taken in hand, and there is an entry in the Douay Diary which marks as nearly as possible the exact day when Martin first set pen to paper. In a marginal note opposite the entries for October, 1578, we read: "On October 16, or thereabouts, Mr. Martin, the licentiate, commenced his translation of the Bible into English, . . . and that a work from which much utility is expected may the more quickly appear, he does two chapters a day, he himself translating; but that the work may also be done as well as possible, our President, Dr. Allen, and our master, Dr. Bristow, read them (the chapters) through, and in their wisdom faithfully correct whatever seems to them to need it." Five names in all are recorded as of those who co-operated in it—Dr., afterwards Cardinal Allen, Dr. Gregory Martin, Dr. Richard Bristow, John Reynolds, and Thomas Worthington. All five were Oxford graduates, Allen having been the Principal of St. Mary's Hall, and Bristow a fellow of New, to which College Reynolds had also belonged. Gregory Martin, to whom, as the Douay Diary has told us, the most important part was assigned, was one of the original students of St. John's, and seems to have been a scholar of some distinction. Wood speaks of his "incredible industry," and of his "great learning and knowledge, especially in the Greek and Hebrew tongues, and the extraordinary modesty and moderation in his behaviour." It is also recorded that when the Duke of

Norfolk visited the University, shortly after 1569, the fellows of St. John's, in a Latin address, spoke of their master—at that time tutor to the Duke's son, the Venerable Philip Howard, who died in the Tower, a prisoner for the faith—as the Hebraist, the Grecian, the poet, the honour and glory of the College. These qualifications must have served him in good stead whilst he was engaged with his translation, and, indeed, the evidence of them are visible on its face. But what will make his memory still more precious to many of us is the knowledge that he gave up the prospects of a brilliant career so soon as the pressure of the penal laws made it necessary for him to choose between earth and Heaven, and that he was the special Oxford friend of Blessed Edmund Campion—and, indeed, the friend whose exhortations brought Campion out of Oxford and all its temptations, for a Catholic, and started him on the career which ended in a martyr's crown. "If we too can live together (he wrote to him) we can live for nothing; if this is too little, I have money; but if this also fails, one thing remains; they that sow in tears, shall reap in joy."¹

Martin, as has been said, made the translation, the others revising, whilst Allen and Bristow wrote the notes on the Old Testament, and Worthington those on the New. For so extensive a work a period of many years might have seemed necessary, but, thanks to Martin's great industry, it was ready by 1582, although the larger portion of the MS. had still to "lay by" for some years longer before the means were at hand to pass it through the press. Thus the New Testament was published at Rheims in 1582, the Old Testament not till twenty-seven years later (1609-10), and after the return to Douay.

The principles which these translators followed are explained by them in their Preface to the New Testament, and if they sometimes push the application to extremes, the principles were at least thoroughly sound in themselves. This article is not intended to be a learned disquisition, but only a simple explanation. We may, therefore, content ourselves with a summary account of these principles, and the grounds on which they were based.

First, the translation was to be from the Latin Vulgate, not immediately from the Greek. This was a necessity imposed on the translators by the law of the Church, for the Council of Trent

¹ *Biographical Dictionary of English Catholics*, s.v. Gregory Martin.

declared the Vulgate to be her authentic text, which involved that all translations into the vernaculars of the different countries, intended for general use, should be made from it. That did not mean that no versions at all might be made directly from some one or other of the Greek texts. For purposes of scholarship such translations are, and are recognized to be, legitimate and necessary. But it meant that for use in her public worship, in her religious instructions, and theological discussions, the Church desired the Vulgate text to be the one employed.

Thus to adopt an ancient version instead of the original text, and to require the authorized translations into the vernacular to be made from the former, not the latter, may at first sight appear peculiar, but the arrangement rests on a very reasonable basis. No autograph manuscript, even of a single book of the Old or New Testament, has been preserved to us, and we have in consequence to depend only on copies, or rather, on copies of copies. But in the process of repeated copying, errors, mostly unintentional but sometimes intentional, can enter in and have entered in, and these errors, although too few in number, and too confined in their range, to disturb our confidence in the general accuracy of the text, are still sufficiently numerous to raise doubts or controversies as to the true reading of many individual words or phrases. In this manner different "texts" have arisen, and the problem for those who have to authorize a text for use in the Church, or any part in it, is the problem how to determine which text is the purest. Moreover, textual purity may be estimated from a doctrinal stand-point only, or from a critical stand-point as well; in other words, it may be considered whether in any case textual corruption has gone so far as to introduce false or doubtful doctrine, or how far it has altered the phraseology of the original.

It is doctrinal corruption about which the Church is most solicitous, and the necessity of guarding against this was specially felt in an age when the appeal to Scripture as the final authority was being persistently made, whilst at the same time continual wrangles were going on as to the doctrinal purity of the texts used. Nor can a wiser method of dealing with the evil be conceived than that adopted by the Church in authorizing the ancient Latin text called the Vulgate. As the Rheims translators say :

It is so ancient that it was used in the Church of God about 1,300 years ago [*i.e.*, counting back from 1582] as appeareth by the Fathers of those times.

It is that (by the common received opinion and by all probability) which S. Hierom afterwards corrected according to the Greek, by the appointment of Damasus then Pope, as he maketh mention in the Preface before the Four Evangelists. . . .

It is that which for the most part ever since hath been used in the Churches service, expounded in sermons, alledged and interpreted in the commentaries and writings of the ancient Fathers of the Latin Church. . . . It is the gravest, sincerest, of greatest majestie, least partialitie, as being without al respect of controversies and contentions, specially these of our time, as appeareth by those places which Erasmus and others at this day translate [from the Greek] much more to the advantage of the Catholic cause.

It is so exact and precise according to the Greek, both the phrase and the word, that delicate heretikes therfore reprehend it of rudenes. And that it followeth the Greek farre more exactly than doth the Protestants translations, beside infinit other places we appeal to these: Tit. iii. 14, *Curent bonis operibus præesse* (πορεύεσθαι), Engl. Bib. 1577, *to mainteine good workes*; and Heb. x. 20, *Viam nobis iniciavit* (ἐνεκαίνωεν), Engl. Bib. *be prepared*. So in these words, *Justifications, Traditions, Idola*, &c. In al which they come not neer the Greek, but avoid it of purpose.

The contention of this last paragraph needs to be particularly noticed. The Vulgate version, though not itself a Greek text, represents a Greek text, which, as it renders it so rigidly to the very letter, we can, by translating back, reproduce to ourselves from it. And the Greek text thus obtained, being so ancient as it must have been to be the original to the Vulgate, is a text of the highest value. In other words, the Catholic Church, by authorizing the Vulgate text, has had respect to the requirements of textual as well as of doctrinal purity.¹

The Rheims translators having undertaken to translate from the Vulgate, next determined to follow the precedent it set them in its renderings from the Greek, and to make their version

¹ As the Rheims translators expound their principles in their Preface to the New Testament, they make reference only to the Greek as the original language; but their principles apply and were applied equally to Old Testament translation. Until the time of Jerome the Western Church used a translation from the Septuagint, a Greek version of the Old Testament. St. Jerome translated direct from a Hebrew text independent of and, in some respects, differing from the Masoretic, or "traditional" Hebrew text. This translation from the Hebrew, except in the case of the Psalms (in regard to which the people resisted all change), forms the Vulgate version of the Old Testament, which from St. Jerome's time has been in use in the Western Church.

rigidly literal. They had sad experience of the dangers incident to the contrary system. It is a translator's duty to render from the original in all fidelity. He should strive to give to each word and statement its exact meaning without importing anything of his own. In the majority of passages this is easy, but the difficulty and temptation for the translator comes when the language of the original is open, legitimately or illegitimately, to a variety of interpretations. His duty then is, as far as possible, to leave the ambiguity open, so that the commentators may discuss it, or else, whilst adopting one alternative in the translation, to call attention to the other or others in the margin. But the Protestant translators had been sadly neglectful of these duties of their office. Not to speak of continental Protestant versions, the English Protestant versions which had preceded theirs, although of much merit from a literary point of view, and in some respects faithful, gave in many important passages distinctly prejudicing translations; and, to draw attention to the evil, shortly before the appearance of his New Testament (in the first edition of which it is also incorporated), Martin had published a collection of such mistranslations, under the title of, *Discovery of the manifold corruptions of the Holy Scripture by the heretics of our days, specially the English sectaries, and of their foule dealing herein by partial and false translations to the advantage of their heresies, in their English Bibles used and authorised since the time of the schism.*

For instance, though ἐκκλησία and πρεσβύτερος were recognized ecclesiastical terms having their recognized English equivalents *Church* and *priest*, the Protestant translators had rendered them by *Congregation* (in Matt. xvi. 16; Eph. i. 25, 32; 1 Tim. iii. 10) and *senior*, or *elder* (in Acts xiv. 23; Titus i. 5; James v. 14, &c.). They defended themselves on etymological grounds, but obviously what they wanted was that untrained readers should think the Bible knew nothing of Churches and priests. "Εἰδωλα, as likewise the Hebrew *Pesel* and its congeners, are words which no doubt etymologically signify anything carved or graven, but usage had restricted them to the meaning of "idols," that is, the images of false gods. Yet the Protestant translators in a multitude of instances (1 Cor. v. 11; x. 7; 2 Cor. vi. 16; Col. iii. 5, &c.), gave as the English equivalent of these terms, the term "images," the current name for the statues of the saints set up in Catholic churches. By this means the uninstructed were the more

easily induced to take all the denunciations of idol-worship for denunciations of image-worship.

So too in 2 Cor. ii. 10, they translated "in the face of Christ" (*i.e.*, "in the presence of Christ") instead of, "in the person of Christ." It is at least more probable that ἐν προσώπῳ is there used in its derived sense of "person," and not in its literal sense of "face," but to allow the phrase this force in the translation would have been to acknowledge that the Apostles claimed to exercise authority as our Lord's representatives, which was just what the Reformers denied. And in Acts xiv. 23, they translated χειροτονήσαντες—a word which etymologically means "stretching out hands," but which in ecclesiastical usage signifies "imposition of hands,"—by "ordained them elders by *election* in every church," a show of hands being one of the methods of taking votes at an election.

In other places they went to the opposite extreme, deserting the literal sense for the figurative because it was the former which was at variance with their beliefs. Thus in 1 Cor. ix. 5, there can be no doubt that ἀδελφὴν γυναῖκα should be translated, "a woman who is a sister" (*i.e.*, a Christian woman). But the Protestant translators could not resist the chance of making the Bible seem to pronounce against priestly celibacy, and so, on the plea that γυνή sometimes means "wife," they translated here, "a wife being a sister."

Or again, they translated the same word now in one way, now in another, according to the exigencies of their peculiar doctrines. Thus, in St. Mark vii. 3, 5, 8, 13; Coloss. ii. 20; 1 St. Peter i. 18, they translated παραδόσεις by "traditions;" but in 2 Thess. ii. 15; iii. 6, by "ordinances;" the reason for the difference being that in the former case the traditions referred to are evil traditions, but in the latter good traditions.

The verb δικαιῶν, the adjective δίκαιος, and the noun δικαιοσύνη, are corresponding forms, and should be translated by the corresponding forms "justify," "just," "justice." But the Protestant translators shrunk from the words "just" and "justice," particularly in the Epistles to the Romans, feeling that they savoured too much of that doctrine of "inherent justice" for which the Reformation had substituted the doctrine of an imputed righteousness. Hence in the vast majority of places they translated δίκαιος and δικαιοσύνη by "righteous" "righteousness," although they were constrained always to translate δικαιῶν by "justify."

Such illustrations might be multiplied, but those given suffice to show how possible it was to prejudice simple readers in favour of a particular interpretation, by giving adroit turns to the translations. It must be understood, however, that they are illustrations not drawn from the present Anglican Authorized Version, which was of later date than the Rheims version, and which, in deference to the latter's protest, largely though not entirely remedied the evil. During the Tudor period the principal versions in use in the country were four in number—Tyndale's, published in 1526; Coverdale's, commonly called the Great Bible, and sometime Cranmer's, which was first published in 1539, and took the place of Tyndale's during the reigns of Henry and Edward; the Geneva Bible, so called because it was translated at Geneva by the exiled Reformers who betook themselves there after the accession of Mary; and the Bishops' Bible, which was prepared and brought out under the direction of Archbishop Parker in the reign of Elizabeth, appearing for the first time in 1568. From then until after 1613, when the Authorized Version began gradually to supersede it, the Bishops' Bible was the one used in the churches, under the sanction of royal authority; but the Geneva Bible, which abounded in marginal notes mainly aimed at Catholic doctrine, was during all that period a much greater favourite with private readers, who were mostly Puritan in their proclivities. It was these four versions which the Rheims translators had in view, and justly branded for the infidelity of so many of their renderings.

The Rheims translators resolved to follow a fairer plan, and we may allow them to state it in their own words.

In this our translation [they say in their Preface to the New Testament], because we wish it to be most sincere, as becommeth a Catholike translation, and have endeavoured so to make it; we are very precise and religious in following our copie, the old vulgar approved Latin, not only in sense, which we hope we alwaies do, but sometime in the very words also and phrases: which may seem to the vulgar reader and to common English eares not yet acquainted therewith, rudenesse or ignorance; but to the discret reader that deeply weigheth and considereth the importance of sacred words and speaches, and how easily the voluntary translatur may misse the true sense of the Holy Ghost, we doubt not but our consideration and doing therein, shal seem reasonable and necessarie; yea and that al sorts of Catholike readers wil in short time thinke that familiar, which at the first may seem strange, and wil esteeme it more, when they shal otherwise be taught to understand it, than if it were common knowen English.

Such is their statement of principle, and declaration of upright intentions, and a little before in the same preface they had used words which testify still more distinctly to their endeavours to be impartial :

We have used no partialitie for the disadvantage of our adversaries, nor no more licence than is sufferable in translating of holy Scriptures, continually keeping ourselves as neer as is possible to our text to the very words and phrases which by long use are made venerable, though to some prophane or delicate eares they may seem more hard or barbarous, as the whole style of Scripture doth lightly to such at the beginning ; acknowledging with St. Hierom, that in other writings it is enough to give in translation, sense for sense, but that in Scriptures, lest we misse the sense, we must keepe the very words. (*Ad Pammach. ep. 10, 1, cap. 2, in principio.*)

Next they give some well-chosen examples of what they mean :

For example, we translate often thus, "Amen, amen, I say unto you;" which as yet seemeth strange, but after a while it will be as familiar as Amen in the end of all praiers and psalmes, [which is desirable, seeing that] it is the solemne and usual word of our Saviour to express a vehement asseveration, and therefore is not changed, neither in the Syriake, nor Greek, nor vulgar Latin Testament, but is preserved and used of the Evangelists and Apostles themselves. . . . Again, if Hosanna, Raca, Belial, and the such like be yet untranslated in the English Bibles, why may we not say Corbana and Parasceve, . . . for Parasceve is as solemne a word for the Sabbath eve, as Sabboth is for the Jewes seaventh day, and now among Christians much more solemner, taken for Good Friday only. . . . Such are also these words, the Pasch, the feast of the Azymes, the Bread of Proposition, which they translate the Passe-over, the feast of Sweet Bread,¹ the Shew Bread. But if Pentecost, Act. ii., be yet untranslated in their Bibles, and seemeth not strange, why should not Pasch and Azymes so remaine also, being solemne feasts as Pentecost was. . . . And as for Azymes, when they English it the feast of Sweet Bread it is a false interpretation of the word, and nothing expresseth that which belongeth to the feast, concerning unleavened bread. And as for their term of Shew Bread, it is very strange and ridiculous. . . . And how is it possible to express *evangelizo*, but as we do, "evangelize"? For *evangelium* being the Ghospel, what is *evangelizo*, or to "evangelize," but to show the glad tydings of the Ghospel, of the time of grace, of al Christ's benefits? Al which signification is lost, by translating as the English Bibles doe, "I bring you good tidings" (Luke ii. 10). Therefore we say "depositum" (1 Tim. vi.), and "he exinanited

¹ So the phrase stood till it was removed by King James's Revisers.

himself" (Phil. ii.), and "you have reflowered" (Phil. iv.), and "to exhaust" (Heb. v. 28), because we cannot possibly attaine to expresse these words fully in English; and we thinke much better that the reader, staying at the difficultie of them, should take an occasion to . . . aske the ful meaning of them, than by putting some usual English words that expresse them not, so to deceive the reader. Sometime also we do it for another cause. As when we say "the Advent of our Lord," and "imposing of hands," because one is a solemne time, the other a solemne action in the Catholike Church; to signifie to the people that these and such like names come out of the very Latin text of the Scripture. So did "penance," "doing penance," "chalice," "priest," "deacon," "traditions," "altar," "host," and the like (which we exactly keepe as Catholike terms), proceed even from the very words of Scripture.

The contention of this last clause is very important. The words in question are the technical terms of the Catholic Church which have come down to her with a definite sense attached to them from time immemorial. Let those who will take upon themselves the burden of contesting the legitimacy of this traditional sense. But meanwhile the terms and their traditional sense are in possession, and should be kept in all authorized instruments. No one in writing secular history would wish to abolish the terms "senators" or "mayor" and substitute "elderly men" or "greater person," and it is just as unreasonable to substitute "elders" or "cup" for such time-honoured terms as "priests" or "chalice."

In the foregoing, the Rheims translators have been defending their mode of dealing with difficult terms. They proceed next to defend their mode of dealing with difficult phrases.

Moreover, we presume not in hard places to mollifie the speeches or phrases, but religiously keep them word for word, and point for point, for feare of missing or restraining the sense of the Holy Ghost to our phantasie. As Eph. vi., "against the spirituals of wickedness in the celestials," and John ii., "What to me and to thee, woman," whereof see the annotation on this place,¹ and 1 Pet. ii., "As infants even now born, reasonable, milke without guile desire ye," we doe so place "reasonable" of purpose, that it may be indifferent both to "infants" going before, as in our Latin texts, or to "milke" that followeth after, as in other Latin copies and in the Greek. . . .

¹ Witnessing as it does to the fairness as well as to the sound scholarship of the translators, this annotation is worth quoting: "*What is to me and to thee?* Because this speech is subject to divers senses, we keepe the wordes of our text, lest by turning it into any English phrase we might straiten the Holy Ghost's intention to some certaine sense either not intended, or not only intended, and to take away the choise

As the Rheims and Douay version is not in the hands of many, a few specimens of its style will be desired. Here are three excellent examples of its extreme literalism :

And a certaine young man followed him clothed with sindon upon the bare ; and they tooke him ; but he casting off the sindon fled from them naked. (Mark xiii. 51.)

For I thinke that the passions of this time are not condigne to the glory to come that shal be revealed in us. (Rom. viii. 18.)

For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood ; but against Princes and Potestates, against the Rectours of the world of this darknes, against the spirituals of wickednes in the celestials. (Eph. vi. 12.)

O Timothee, keep the depositum, avoiding the profane novelties of voices, and oppositions of falsely called knowledge. (1 Tim. vi. 20.)

To one of these translations the authors have referred in the citation already given, and in defence of each of them they had their solid reasons, in view of their chosen principles, for employing language which to our ears sounds so grotesque.

Nor does this harsh phraseology affect more than a comparatively small portion of the whole. One may read page after page without encountering it. Indeed, the main substance of the Rheims and Douay version is in a clear and forcible English, which will not suffer seriously even when compared with the version of King James, to which indeed it bears a resemblance too close to be accidental. The following passage taken at random may serve to illustrate both its merits and its defects.

16. Nobody putteth a peece of raw cloth to an old garment. For he taketh away the peecking thereof from the garment [*tollit enim plenitudinem ejus a vestimento* (Vulg.)], and there is made a greater rent.

17. Neither do they put new wine into old bottells. Otherwise the

and indifference from the reader, whereof (in Holy Scripture especially) all translators must beware. It thus may meane here, 'What is that, woman, to me and thee, being but strangers, that they want wine?' as some interpret it. Or (which is the more proper use of that kind of speache in holy writ), 'What have I to doe with thee?' that is, 'Why should I have respect to thy desire in this case? In matters touching my charge and the commission of my Father for preaching, working miracles, and other graces, I must not be tied to flesh and blood.' Which was not a reprehension of our Lady, or significative that he would not heare her in this or other things pertaining to God's glorie or the good of men, for the event sheweth the contrarie. But it was a lesson to the companie that heard it, and namely to His disciples, that respect of kindred should not draw them to doe anything against reason, or be the principal motion why they doe their duties, but God's glory."

bottels breake, and the wine runneth out, and the bottels perish. But new wine they put into new bottels; and both are preserved together.

18. As he was speaking this unto them, behold a certain Governour approached, and adored him, saying: Lord, my daughter is even now dead; but come, lay thy hand upon her, and she shal live. 19. And Jesus rysing up, followed him, and his disciples. 20. And behold a woman which was troubled with an issue of blood twelve yeares, came behind him, and touched the hemme of his garment. 21. For she said within herself: If I shall touch only his garment, I shal be safe.

22. But Jesus, turning and seeing her, said: Have a good hart, daughter: thy faith hath made thee safe. And the woman became whole from that houre. 23. And when Jesus was come into the house of the Governour, and saw minstrels and the multitude keeping a sturre, 24. He said: Depart, for the wench is not dead but sleepeth. And they laughed him to skorne. 25. And when the multitude was put forth, he entered in, and held her hand. And the maid arose. 26. And this bruit went forth into al that countrie. (Matt. ix. 18—31.)

We are now in a position to judge of the merits of this version. An occasional tendency to depreciate its worth manifests itself even among Catholics, and a well-known nobleman once went so far as to style it "the obscure work of a few well-meaning divines." Nothing could be less in accordance with the facts than this. The Rheims translators were, as we have seen, men who had received and profited by the best training of their day, and the evidences both of their scholarship and of their literary power are conspicuous in the preface from which some quotations have been made. In the translation itself, too, scholarship is discernible in every line, and if fault can be found with its style, or rather with the style of certain portions of its text, this must not be set down to incapacity, for it was the outcome of principles deliberately and intelligently applied. It was because in their love of truth and accuracy they were prepared to sacrifice the graces of style wherever these higher interests were at stake. And even as regards their style, if we are to judge of it aright, we must bear in mind their expectation that words and phrases which would at first sound strange, might in the course of time become familiar and pleasing. If circumstances prevented this anticipation from being fulfilled in regard to their version as a whole, it is at least noteworthy that among the words and phrases which they foresaw would be distasteful for the time, some were afterwards adopted in the version of King James, and in these no one would now be conscious that there was anything

objectionable. Who, for instance, would nowadays suspect that the charge of uncouthness lay at the time when the Rheims Testament first employed them, against such terms as these—*acquisition, advent, adulteration, allegory, cooperate, evangelize, eunuchs, holocausts, paraclete, prescience, resuscitate, victim?*

And here, lest our own judgment should be suspected as partial, we may support it by the judgment of so competent a critic as Bishop Westcott, who, in his *History of the English Bible*, has written thus of the Rheims version :

The servility of the version is not always without advantage. . . . They frequently reproduced with force the original order of the Greek which is preserved in the Latin, and, even whilst many unpleasant roughnesses occur, there can be little doubt that the version gains on the whole by the faithfulness with which they endeavoured to keep the original form of the Sacred Writings. . . . The same spirit of fidelity to the letter of their text often led the Rhemists to keep the phrase of the original where other translators had unnecessarily abandoned it; *e.g.*, Matt. xviii. 1, "hour;" *ib.* 6, "it is expedient;" *ib.* 9, "hell of fire;" xx. 20, "the Sons of Zebedee;" xxii 2, "likened;" *ib.* 44, "the footstools of thy feet;" xxvi. 25, "Is it I, Rabbi?" (contrasted with verse 22.)

When the Latin was capable of guiding them the Rhemists seem to have followed out their principle honestly; but wherever it was inadequate or ambiguous, they had the niceties of Greek at their command. The treatment of the article offers a good illustration of the care and skill with which they performed this part of their task. . . . The central function of scholarship is dealt with more satisfactorily by them than by any earlier translator. And it must be said that in this respect the revisors of King James were less accurate than the Rhemists, though they had their work before them.¹

The last sentence of this quotation reminds us of another very striking testimony to the excellence of the Rheims version. In spite of the abuse with which it was received by Fulke and Cartwright, it exercised a considerable influence on the composition of the Anglican authorized text which was undertaken shortly after its appearance. Possibly its superiority in point of scholarship over their own current versions was among the inducements which caused the necessity of this new Protestant version to be felt. But at all events the Rheims version was diligently consulted by King James' revisers, and many of its

¹ Westcott cites in illustration of this the rendering by the two versions of St. Matt. iv. 5; vi. 25; xiv. 22; xxv. 30; xxviii. 16; St. John v. 35; 1 Cor. x. 5; Galat. iii. 25; Apoc. vii. 13.

readings together with some of its principles were borrowed. "The Rhemish version of the New Testament," says Westcott in the work already cited, "supported by Martin's attack on the English Bible [in his *Discoverie of Corruptions*] had once again drawn attention to the importance of the Latin Vulgate, before the revision of King James was undertaken." And the Preface to the Revised Version of the New Testament (1881), after citing the rule given to the revisers—that they "should take the Bishops' Bible as their basis, only altering it where really necessary, and in such cases seeking to improve it from Tindale's, Matthew's, Coverdale's, Whitchurch's, Geneva"—points out that in fact, though they borrowed from the Geneva version a good deal, they disregarded the other four altogether, whilst "on the other hand, their work shows evident traces of the influence of a version not specified in the rules, the Rhemish, made from the Latin Vulgate, but by scholars conversant with the Greek original." With such recommendations in its favour, surely our Rheims version is not one of which we have need to be ashamed.

S. F. S.

Of the Monstrous Regiment of Women.

Room for the lady—lo ! she seeks the list,
And fiercely tilts with her antagonist.

THAT periodical excitement of modern politics, the question of Women's Rights, once more looms large on the horizon. Larger, indeed, than ever before, for on February 3rd of this year the champions of the cause won, what is, so far, their greatest Parliamentary victory, and they look forward hopefully to a crowning mercy on June 23rd, the day appointed for going into Committee. The Women's Emancipation Union and the National Society for Women's Suffrage are in battle array ; and the Fiery Cross, in its prosaic modern form of petitions to Parliament, wends its way through town and village. The promoters of the Bill now before Parliament have, at the present time, two points in their favour, the division of parties on this question within the House, and the languid temper of people in general who dislike the measure, but refuse to consider it seriously. Its advocates call themselves more than a quarter of a million strong ; and such a number acting zealously in concert may undoubtedly effect much against a divided House and an apathetic country.

To a middle-aged spinster firmly grounded in principles which, in these days, are loudly proclaimed obsolete, the demands formulated by the votaries of female suffrage may well seem excessive, their assertions reckless, their logic unconvincing.

In common, as I venture to believe—despite the imposing figures above quoted—with the greater part of the more numerous sex, I have never personally felt the need of emancipation. This, though an excellent reason for not stirring in our own behalf, is a selfish and pusillanimous excuse for non-interference, if there really be any class of women subject to grievances remediable by the influence of female suffrage on legislation. But is it so ? Under human legislators there will

never be a law so just and wise as not to oppress particular cases, nor a code so comprehensive as to embrace every possibility of human misery and crime. The best that can be done is only relative; and when brought face to face with a proposed innovation on the established course of public affairs, which, for good or evil, implies the ultimate revolution of our present political, social, and domestic order, we have every right to ask our would-be benefactresses what plan they have to suggest for making our crooked ways straight, and our rough places plain. The oratory and literature of emancipation abound in eulogy of those enlightened spots where women share public office and responsibility equally with men; in complaints of the unequal application of marriage and divorce laws; the horrors of the sweating system; the disabilities of women as landed proprietors, tenants, and householders; but a programme of reform is chiefly conspicuous by its absence. Let us hear a prophetess of their own, Mrs. Carmichael Stopes, to wit:

We protest against the decrees of *prejudice* in unfavourably judging beforehand the effects of the unknown conditions that would be produced by the substitution of new principles of law, and new springs of action.¹

The calm assumption of this sentence does not offer an alluring prospect of feminine wisdom seated in masculine high places. With nothing tangible to go upon, judgment, whether favourable or the reverse, is futile; but we may reasonably object to the lack of certainty. Setting aside the chosen people of enthusiasm, the nation can hardly be expected to jump light-heartedly into the yawning gulf of "unknown conditions."

Women's suffrage, we learn from the same authority, is to be demanded not merely on behalf of those who have set their affections on the franchise, but also, as Mrs. Stopes ingeniously phrases it, "in the name of thousands who do not recognize in it the means to their desired end."

Since, therefore, we are, *bon gré, mal gré*, to share their broth, let us at least inspect the banquet that is being prepared by this numerous staff of cooks.

The literature issued by the two societies aforementioned, though a trifle tangled in its arguments, is explicit in its demands; and

¹ *The Women's Protest*, by Charlotte Carmichael Stopes. Paper read at the London Conference, October 15, 1896. Published in the *Humanitarian*, December, 1896, under the title, "Unequal Justice to Women." Issued in pamphlet form by the Women's Emancipation Union.

has the merit of being by no means dry reading. Indeed, before plunging into the depths of emancipation, we must claim the feminine privilege of lingering to run an admiring, it may be an envious, eye over its external graces and embellishments. Its literati—or should it be literatæ?—are very frugal of aught that may be hammered into a plea for, or a boast of, the “progress” of woman. It might seem a bad sign thus to serve up the dregs and scrapings of argument, but they doubtless know their own business, and their object, I take it, is not philosophical accuracy of statement, but successful levying of recruits.

I have before me a leaflet, entitled, *Why Wyoming is to be congratulated.*

On July 8, 1896, Wyoming—name of sweet feminine association—was raised from the low estate of a territory to the rank of a state. But Wyoming had already embodied the principle of women's suffrage in its constitution, and on this account there had been much previous opposition, in Congress, to its incorporation into the Union. However, to use the picturesque language of the Central National Society, “the cause of right and justice triumphed, and the victory for women was won.” Hence the congratulations. Then follows a concise explanation of the status of Wyoming before and after this great event, which finishes thus: “All the women, therefore, of Wyoming, which State is larger than the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, have the vote on exactly the same terms as the men. They are also eligible for all public offices to which men are eligible, even for that of Governor of their State, or for President of the United States.”

This last is not a bad joke, but lacks dignity for an argument and is singularly puerile as a boast of progress made. So far as nomination and the indigenous vote are concerned, it may be technically correct; but the man in the moon has an equally good practical chance of attaining that distinction. It is, in fact, an old friend of our childhood redivivus, the sparrow whom we were to catch if we could only put salt on his tail. Is it too much to hope that, in the next issue of this interesting leaflet, that empty flourish may give place to the statement of what proportion the number of women bears to the whole population, which would be of value in estimating the worth of their vote. Before taking our departure from Wyoming the Blest, we may appropriately draw attention to a touching coincidence of dates.

In Mrs. Stopes' pamphlet, previously quoted from, we learn that the lowest ebb of female fortune was between the years 1832—1868. This is coupled with the assurance that, though matters are somewhat amended, nothing will be well with either sex until "the sun of justice be permitted to shine, without masculine eclipse, on the feminine half of humanity." It is, we know, always darkest before dawn. In 1869, this particular sun of justice rose—in the West. In other words, Wyoming granted the franchise to women.

Another noteworthy feature in the literature of emancipation is the emphatic and somewhat defiant assertion of what is, or is not logical. An uneasy remembrance of the fact that woman is not generally credited with possessing the logical faculty seems to be combined with the resolve, at all hazards, to force this as well as every other masculine position. Like the disguised Rosalind :

And in my heart
Lie there what hidden, woman's fears there will,
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside.

It is, however, to be feared that the emancipatory logic will do nothing to remove the time-honoured imputation. Indeed, we could find it in our heart to suggest that *Reasons why Women want the Franchise, Twenty-five reasons for supporting Women's Suffrage*, and other publications of the same class, should be turned into verse. Then, at least, it would be possible to say, in the words of Blessed Thomas More : "Marry! this is somewhat, this is rhyme. The other was neither rhyme nor reason."

As an average specimen we may take *Reasons why Women want the Franchise*, by Mrs. Morgan-Brown. These reasons are nine, but two of them will suffice. No. 3 is thus expressed :¹

Because the human beings who are **deprived** of the rights of citizenship are specified as **Lunatics, Criminals, Paupers, WOMEN, and Children**, and women object to being classed
with **Lunatics** if they are **sane**,
with **Criminals** if they **obey the laws**,
with **Paupers** if they **pay taxes**,
with **Children** if they are of **adult age**.

Misery makes strange bedfellows ; but is it not odd, in the act of objecting to the low company in which we find ourselves, to use a word which identifies us more closely than mere fact

¹ And printed.

requires with its least attractive specimens. Many criminals, many lunatics, and perhaps some paupers, might with propriety talk of being deprived of the rights of citizenship. So far as women enjoy these rights, they are in better case. If, for rights of citizenship, we are to read franchise, it cannot justly be said that they are deprived of that which was never theirs. The word is effective, we grant. Its use, however, is not to appeal to reason, but to create a prejudice. As to the classification, so long as it is not founded on the essentials which constitute criminality or lunacy, we may cheerfully say, "Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung." But there is a rich unconscious humour in demanding the franchise as a means of differentiating the fair sex from those whose freedom, political or otherwise, would be a danger to the community at large.

In reason No. 7 we have :

Because women, as a sex, are pure, unselfish, and conscientious, and by excluding them from political life, the nation loses just that large amount of purity, unselfishness, and conscientiousness, which women are known to exercise in private life.

Though this encomium smacks somewhat of the self-praise rebuked by the copy-book maxim of our early days, we believe it to be true in the main. Many women, indeed, are carried away by the taste for luxury and amusement which is an ominous feature of our time ; but we do not sympathize with those pessimists who, in frantic language, denounce their own sex as wholly demoralized and corrupt. It cannot, however, be conceded that because these virtues shine in private life, they are bound to do so in the world of politics. The power of a changed environment to effect an alteration of character and qualities is too well known to need exemplification. It holds good alike of the natural and the moral, the physical and the intellectual order. Further, we dare to deny the direct bearing of female purity on politics, and we venture to think that, in its finer manifestations, it is likely to suffer from such an atmosphere.

The singular lack of reticence with which some of our female moralists and reformers discuss certain social questions, indicates what we have to expect in this direction. It stales modesty, which is the very bloom and fragrance of purity. For another thing, feminine purity need be no hindrance to the most perverse action in political life. A man, not at all pure in that sense, would certainly be purer in his political capacity, by the

mere force of the masculine sense of honour, his greater human respect, and his lesser liability to be swayed by passion, whether for good or evil. A woman may be led into frightful injustice by that most exquisite feminine quality, her divine capacity for pity; and her wounded pride or affection is often capable of crime. "The feminine nature," says Miss Dora Greenwell in one of her thoughtful essays, "in being less complete within itself, more parasitical and complemental than that of man, lies at once nearer to the animal and to the spiritual than his does. The woman is drawn, both upwards and downwards, by strong compelling ties, which do not tell equally upon his more perfect, but perhaps more limited nature." And again: "The feminine nature is, from its very weakness, tenderness, and need, less able to resist evil, more prone first to become its victim, *and then its tool*, than is the masculine; her nature is less compact, less self-sufficing, less perfectly organized than his; it is more yielding, acquiescent, and, so to speak, diffused."¹

Let us indeed be certain that the proposed irruption of women into public affairs will be the nation's gain, and not merely their own loss; but of this we may justly ask better proof than the *ipse dixit* of Mrs. Morgan-Brown.

This same lady, in an address given at Exeter, quoted the example of St. Hilda as a plea for female participation in the affairs of the realm. It is good to hear one of our Saints held up for a pattern to a Protestant audience by a Protestant lecturer. But the instance chosen can hardly be called felicitous. In her resistance to the much-needed reform of the Celtic observance of Easter, St. Hilda, surely, in virtue, in intellect, and in administrative genius a chosen specimen of her sex, only showed the more forcibly how entirely the emotional and sentimental part of womanly nature can dominate reason and distort judgment. And although she loyally accepted the final decision, her subsequent rancour against St. Wilfrid, the triumphant vindicator of the Roman rite, does not commend the effect of her political career on her otherwise saintly character.²

The Nonconformist conscience is not always an unmixed comfort and support to our legislators. Imagine the wear and tear of trying to cope with the vagaries of the female conscience, which though by no means a negligible quantity, is likely to prove a very uncertain one. Let emancipated sayings and

¹ *Liber Humanitatis*, pp. 25, 27.

² Montalembert, *Les Moines d'Occident*. Tome quatrième, livre xiv. St. Wilfrid.

doings speak for themselves. In a Central National Society's leaflet, signed M. Taylor, and entitled, *Why Women want the Vote*, this passage occurs :

Do you care about Religion? The question of the Disestablishment of the Church has arisen in Wales, and may spread to England and Scotland. You may wish to keep the Church established, or wish for absolute equality among all denominations, but without a vote you have no voice in the settlement of the question.

This sheds a lurid light on the future; but to be able to offer such a bait, does not bespeak a high standard of conscientiousness. Clearly, so long as the good ship Emancipation is safely launched, the deluge may follow without delay.

The *Standard* of March 22nd throws more light on the workings of the female conscience, in the melancholy history of Mr. Benjamin Short, who recently aspired to the civic chair of Kansas City, U.S.A. Unfortunately for his ambitions, he had, a few months previously, jilted his old love in favour of a rich widow. The discarded fair seized the right moment for revenge, by firing the female portion of the municipal electorate with the recital of her wrongs. They supported her bravely with all their influence, went to the poll as one woman, the sick being even conveyed thither in carriages. The close of that memorable day saw the faithless swain defeated by an overwhelming majority.

Is it a sound principle, we ask, to make public power the tool of a private enmity? and does the feminine conscience raise revenge to the rank of a Christian virtue?

We have called the proposed extension of the franchise an ultimate revolution of our political, social, and domestic order. To say so to its advocates is to provoke the retort that the extension of the franchise among men was regarded beforehand as a portentous innovation, but that as a matter of fact nothing particular has come of it. It does not seem to strike them that even if their premises be granted, the conclusion to be drawn from them is hardly in their favour. We do not grant it. To reason with the zealous emancipator is a singularly unfruitful species of controversy; but in our secret soul we believe that there is justification for affirming that the measure in question has very materially affected the constitution of the country, and that its possibilities in this direction are as yet far from being exhausted. Be that as it may, we contend that the cases are

not parallel. Extension of the franchise has hitherto made a difference not of kind, but of degree. All the hard work of the world, whether honourable or menial, has so far been done by men, because to the male part of humanity God has given the requisite physical force. Strip off layer by layer from the edifice of civilized legislation all that the centuries have contributed—its time-honoured procedure and customs, its patience, courtesies, and prudence, its merits and its defects—we come at last to the living rock of sheer force, the only possible foundation of civil government. Is not war the final court of appeal between nations, and indeed sometimes between factions of the same nation? The power to govern presupposes the power to fight. Thus, widening the franchise among men, whatever be the *pros* and *cons* of the measure, is not so much the introduction of a new element as the application to politics of qualities which have hitherto been otherwise applied—qualities crude, undeveloped, uncultivated, but essentially of the same type as those already employed in public affairs. The extension of Parliamentary suffrage to women is the first move towards importing an entirely new element into political life. The feminine intelligence is allied, not to that physical force which is a hammer to the nail of masculine counsels, but to faculties more spiritual, more emotional, but less easily to be reckoned on, which dominate but do not enforce its decrees; and to a conscience perhaps more refined and sensitive, but not, on the whole, so straight and true as that of men in general, and certainly more liable to be turned aside by passion or desire. In the next place, if they gain the suffrage, the position of women in politics will still be an anomaly. Male electors are potential members of Parliament. In every class they can raise representatives not merely pledged through mutual convenience, or outside sympathy, to a certain line of action, but of and belonging to themselves, bound by the common tie of identical interests. This by virtue of a mere vote cannot be ensured to women. In some matters, as, for instance, laws affecting ownership of property, their interests are already safe-guarded by the identical interests of male electors; but on questions dear to themselves, though of lesser moment to men, they will be dependent on luke-warm support in the House; on others, where men as a body might be conceivably opposed to feminine sentiment, they will get no innings at all. This will hardly satisfy those who have imbibed a taste for legislation, and

indeed it is obvious that the matter cannot and will not rest at the franchise, if it once reaches that point. Though the women's vote might defeat or carry the candidate at this or that election, it will not have the weight of the masculine vote, or its value in respect of that direct representation which is one of the most plausible of the various pleas on behalf of female suffrage.

It is conceivable that, at any time, the later additions to the franchise might gain a preponderance inside the House of Commons, and create a formidable faction in the country. On the other hand, there is a certain safeguard in the masculine tendency towards judicious compromise. The principle expressed in *Do, ut des* is not peculiar to Prince Bismarck. This is no longer the day of the two great parties whose mutual counter-balance formed Constitutional England. Parliament is chopped finer now, and parties, on some questions united, on others are opposed. Is it worth while, then, to bring in a new party, which will add numbers without weight, and the bearing and action of which, to state it mildly, will be eminently uncertain? *Souvent femme varie, Fol qui s'y fie* is a hard saying, but one not wholly without justification; and in addition to a slight occasional mutability of temper, we women are endowed by nature with considerable scorn of consequence, especially where the issues are vast; and a fixed dislike to compromise, and we have our moments of doggedness and of vacillation. We are honest folk withal, and if we find it necessary to burn our former gods, we do so at once, undeterred by false shame. Moreover, there is the fact, which is bound to tell in the long run, that in the three or four small islands which form the kingdom and govern the Empire, women outnumber men by perhaps as much as a million. These may be desirable elements to introduce into the legislature, or they may not. In the latter case—

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
Aged trees do break with bending;
Young desires have little prease,
Growth doth make them past amending.
Happy man that soon doth knock
Babel's babes upon the rock.

Though the votaries of emancipation may content themselves for the present with asking for the franchise, they betray by a thousand turns their hope of going far beyond this modest point. Equality with men is what they hanker after; equality

in all that nature's self denies. After all, it is an old story, this emancipation, as old as the decadent days of Pagan Rome, when ladies of noble, even of imperial race, purchased liberty by outraging their own womanhood, and proved their "manliness" by training for gladiators, and scuffling in the arena.

We may have refined our methods, but the same spirit animates some of our ladies of to-day. "But there can be no real advance for either sex, no real progress in national civilization, until the barrier of sex be broken down. . . . It seems so little to ask, but it is so hard to win."¹ It is easy to ask for the moon, but it is uncommonly hard to get it. To go to the root of the matter, and abolish sex altogether, seems the only remedy, though we own that it presents much the same difficulty as the Scriptural problem of adding a cubit to one's height. By an odd fatality, the very women who desire to show themselves adepts in masculine toils, seem doomed to illustrate the futility of such ambitions. As certain ecclesiastical *nouveaux riches* betray their lack of pedigree by delighted insistence on accessories which, in the Church, to which they pay the involuntary homage of imitation, are as much a matter of course as the buttons on one's clothing; so the constant laudations of woman's progress, woman's work, and of the business talents displayed in certain feminine mercantile ventures, lay the stress exactly on that which, in regard of men's doings, would only excite comment by its absence. "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." They would resent this judgment from others, but they unconsciously pronounce it on themselves.

Scripture, tradition, and the world's experience, show that God made the sexes diverse, to fill diverse places, and discharge diverse, though complementary functions. Each is necessary to, and incomplete without the other, and the bulk of humanity has the good sense to know that they cannot afford to quarrel with each other; but nowadays a certain faction of womankind are very angry with their male congeners, and heap on their shoulders the blame of all the broken teacups in the universe. A little pamphlet, from which we have already culled some flowers of rhetoric, gives moving pictures of the devout feminine sex offered on the altar of male selfishness. As it is oddly worded, "When an ordinary daughter is born into an average

¹ *The Women's Protest*, vide supra.

house, from the first she is taught that she is inferior to her brother by nature and by right." We further learn, that "education and opportunity increase this sad inequality; that, though higher education is now open to girls, the father too often grudges the expense; that he leaves all he can to his son, and the poor ordinary daughter, crippled by lack of gold, and of training, has to get a precarious living as best she may, in a society where she is debarred from office, and from the lucrative professions. If fortune befriends her, she falls a prey to the tax-gatherer. "But the registrar quibbles over her rights."

We are next treated to a picture of the marriage-state which, if true, proves the soundness of Punch's celebrated advice; the chief grievance, of course, being the so-called unequal application of the divorce law. Then we are invited to pity the sorrows of the woman who, in euphemistic phrase, "chooses to break the bonds of society," and who is denied the poor privilege of sinning on the same easy terms as her male accomplice. Here strict accuracy gives way to a taste for antithesis: "*She* is liable to police supervision and oppression; *he* may sit in St. Stephen's to frame laws, and control the police. *She* is disgraced and degraded in various ways; sin does not apparently affect him, he may be courted and honoured by the highest in the land."¹

There is a floating scrap of truth amid all this declamation, but only in the proportion of the bread to the sack in Falstaff's tavern score. In certain cases a woman's fall is infinitely pitiable, but it would be a poor compliment to womanhood, and a doubtful blessing to society, to minimize the shame and penalty of such lapse from virtue, and lower the standard of female honour. But are our own sex free from blame in this inequality of punishment? Do mothers, who would shun all contact with the female sinner, as with the plague, *never*, for the sake of rank or wealth, accept the partner of her guilt as a fit husband for their own daughter? Are there not women who, without a scruple, unite themselves to men who, as they are well aware, owe marriage, as the only possible reparation, to those who trusted them too well? Women might do more to amend this evil by the force of silent disapproval, than by a thousand years of dabbling in politics. Owing to the excess of female population, and the expensive cheapness of the present day, it is certainly desirable for women to be so trained as to enable

¹ *Ibid.*

them, if need be, to earn their own living ; but in large families it is not always feasible for the father to give equal advantages of education to sons and daughters alike. In this case, it is only just and prudent to give sons the preference. Their marriage is more of a certainty, and the welfare of future generations depends on them. It is further obvious that this preference reacts to the ultimate advantage of women themselves. The stunted and straitened lives of many women are far more frequently due to the selfish, unsanctified love of some mothers for their sons ; a love that teaches them nothing, and denies them nothing. Do we not all know households where the sons have not the most elementary training in courtesy towards their sisters ; where they are suffered to grow up self-indulgent and overbearing, and where money is always forthcoming for their extravagance, at the expense of their sisters' future, and by the sacrifice of whatever talents they may possess ? Let women by all means right this wrong, which legislation cannot hope to touch.

As to divorce, it might well be wished that the whole hideous invention were swept off the face of the earth. This, unfortunately, is not likely to occur. But that the law is intrinsically detestable, does not alter the fact that its principle of application is perfectly equitable. As between human beings the infidelity of a wife is infinitely more injurious, and also more profligate, than that of a husband ; and it is with the human aspect of crime only that human law is concerned.

Women could certainly do something towards reducing the sum of matrimonial sin and unhappiness, not by claiming a relaxation of law that many who availed themselves of might live to rue, not by flaunting, under the disguise of fiction, that little knowledge which is not merely a dangerous, but sometimes a disgusting thing, but by entering on the marriage state with the serious intention of fulfilling its duties and conditions, and with due regard for the rights and interests of the other contracting party ; not as too many women do, with the levity of a jaded pleasure-seeker trying a new amusement, or a mere escape from present monotony, or worse still, as a means of satisfying their greed of wealth or influence. This last is not to become a wife, but a parasite.

It was the will of God from the beginning, that woman should hold a subordinate place to man in creation. She was made for him, not he for her : made to be not his rival nor his substitute, but his helper. Her appointed place in the universe

is to her a tower of strength. Outside it she is ridiculous, and may easily become vile. Within her own bounds she is infinitely more potent than her over-lord. This is no paradox. God has dowered her with the gift of influence, by virtue of which she reigns supreme, and which, rightly understood and wisely applied, might suffice to heal the wounds of the whole world. But in taking man's work and man's wage, she forfeits her sacred gift. Her place in life may be lofty or lowly ; hidden or conspicuous ; but her value is in exact proportion to her obedience. All feminine names embalmed in history prove this one way or the other. Contrast a *Fredégonde*, an *Elizabeth Tudor*, a *Catherine of Russia*, with the saintly *Queen Catherine*, strong in love and suffering, with that great *Matilda*, who died with the sword of her justice beside her and the crucifix clasped to her breast, or with the lowly maid of *Domremy*, miraculously chosen to be the saviour of her country. Is that a trifling gift by which the Blessed Mother of God was able to touch the Divine counsels and to advance the appointed hour of Jesus ? Yet we see good, well-intentioned women beguiled by the parrot shriek of emancipation into contemning the influence they could use so well, to grasp at a usurped and lawless shadow of masculine authority. Let them shine in good example to those about them, teach their sons to be good and true and cleanly of life, train their daughters to high ideals and unselfish aims. Then their virtues will be felt in Parliament, and everywhere else, like the pure air of Heaven, impalpable but vivifying. With this we shall need no franchise to protect us, without it what shall it profit us to have franchise and Parliament, and the army and navy to boot, for our play-toys ; for then a monstrous and disastrous rule shall be ours, and ours the reproach of the poet :

Ah, wasteful woman !—she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapened Paradise !
How given for nought her precious gift,
How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine !

H. WALTON.

Two Centuries of 'Verts.

III.

THE present instalment of seventeenth and eighteenth century converts extends from H to M. It will be most convenient, however, to defer such comments as these names may suggest until the appearance of the fourth and concluding portion of the list.

LIST OF 'VERTS BETWEEN THE YEARS 1600—1800, NOTED IN THE
DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. H to M.

Haines or Haynes, Joseph (died 1701). Actor and playwright; became a Catholic in James II.'s reign. He seems to have been a worthless character, coarse and licentious, though popular in society. (vol. xxiv. p. 4.)

Hales, Sir Edward, titular Earl of Tenterden (died 1695). He was educated at Oxford, and long favoured Catholic principles. Openly declared himself a Catholic in 1685. He assisted the escape of James II. and was indicted himself for high treason for being reconciled to the Church of Rome. On being eventually released from confinement he joined James II. at St. Germain's. "He was scrupulously just in his dealings, regular in his habits, and remarkably charitable to those in distress." (vol. xxiv. p. 27.) C.

Harris, Walter, M.D. (1647—1732). Physician. Fellow of New College, Oxford. In 1670, resigned fellowship and joined the Catholic Church, but in the excitement of the Popish Plot 1679, he published a *Farewell to Popery*. (vol. xxv. p. 24.)

Hay, George, D.D. (1729—1811). Catholic Bishop in Scotland, and author of the *Sincere Christian* and many other works of piety. He was brought up a Protestant, was converted in 1748, and consecrated Bishop in 1769. During the anti-Popery riots in Edinburgh in 1779, he incurred great personal danger. He was a man of great energy and deeply respected by Catholics and Protestants alike. (vol. xxv. p. 261.) C.

Heath, Henry (1599—1643). Franciscan martyr. He was a graduate of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, but joined the Church and became a Franciscan. Returning to England, he was discovered to be a priest, and was executed at Tyburn in 1643. "His father when a

widower, and nearly eighty years old, went to Douay, was reconciled to the Catholic Church in the same Franciscan convent, and became a lay-brother in the community." (vol. xxv. p. 342.) C.

Higgins, Francis (1746—1802). Adventurer. He was of humble Irish parentage. Passed his early years in menial employments, became an attorney's clerk, was converted to Protestantism, and by practising gross deception married a lady, whose relatives in 1766 prosecuted him for fraud. He died in affluence at Dublin in 1802. (vol. xxvi. p. 368.)

Higgins, Theophilus (1578[?]-1659). In Anglican Orders. Said to have become discontented owing to want of preferment. Was converted to Catholicism. Spent two years at Douay and St. Omer's, and went to Rouen, where he lived some time, and again not finding preferment was reconverted to Protestantism by Morton, Bishop of Durham, and became Rector of Hurton in Kent. (vol. xxvi. p. 374.)

Hills, Henry (died 1713). King's printer. Convert in James II.'s reign. He brought on himself a storm of abuse, but seems to have been rather a worthless character. (vol. xxvi. p. 431.)

Holland, Guy (1587—1660). Graduated at Cambridge 1605. Afterwards converted to Catholicism and became Jesuit in 1615. Died in England 1660. (vol. xxvii. p. 140.) C.

Hooke, Nathaniel (1664—1738). Puritan. Educated at Cambridge. Implicated in Monmouth's rebellion. In 1688 was converted to Catholicism and became a loyal servant of James II. (vol. xxvii. p. 281.) C.

Howard, Charles. 11th Duke of Norfolk (1746—1815). Turned Protestant, date not given. Eccentric and given to drink, but popular with his own friends and supporters. (vol. xxviii. p. 9.)

Howard, Thomas. 2nd Earl of Arundel (1586—1646). Joined Anglican Church in 1615. In 1616 made Privy Councillor. The writer of the notice says he was accused of becoming a Protestant only for policy, but that he had always a leaning for simple and unadorned ritual. (vol. xxviii. p. 73.)

Hyde, Anne. Duchess of York and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England (1637—1671). She was received into the Catholic Church rather more than a year before her death. "A paper left behind her after her death explained with clearness and dignity the motives of her conversion." (vol. xxviii. p. 368.) C.

Hyde, William, verè *Bayart* or *Bayard* (1597—1651). Matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1622 submitted to the Church, and was ordained. Acted as private chaplain in Catholic families in England, and later on was President of Douay College. (vol. xxviii. p. 403.) C.

James II. (1633—1701), King of England. Although his morals in early life were extremely lax, his conversion to Catholicism in 1672, which was preceded by the conversion of his first wife, Anne Hyde, the daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, seems to have been unquestionably sincere. His conversion entailed his renouncing the command of the fleet and other deprivations. At St. Germain's, after he had been

driven from the throne of England, he led an almost monastic life. "His charities, as far as his means went, seem to have kept pace with his austerities." It is not denied that he showed great personal courage in his youth, and that he was capable in the details of business. Dr. A. W. Ward says further in the course of the notice from which we are quoting: "His fidelity to old servants might be amply illustrated. His confidence once gained, was estranged with even too much difficulty. To his brother he was always loyal. He was an affectionate father, and was cut to the heart by the conduct of his two eldest daughters." (vol. xxix. p. 181.) C.

Jamieson, John Paul, D.D. (d. 1700). Catholic divine and antiquary. Brought up a Protestant at Aberdeen, afterwards became a Catholic, and lived in Rome. Towards the end of his life he returned as a priest to labour on the Scotch Mission. (vol. xxix. p. 248.) C.

Jerningham, Edward (1727—1812). Poet and dramatist. He was of Catholic family, but adopted Protestantism "after examining points of difference in rival creeds." Described by Miss Burney as "a mighty delicate gentleman . . . all daintification in manner, speech, and dress." (vol. xxix. p. 346.)

Jones, John, D.D. (1575—1636). Benedictine monk and theologian. He was a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted to the degree of B.C.L. in 1600. He became a Benedictine, and was known in the Order as Leander a Sto. Martino. He wrote many learned works. Wood describes him as "the ornament of the English Benedictines of his time," adding that "he was a person of extraordinary eloquence, generally knowing in all the arts and sciences, beloved of all who knew him and his worth, and hated by none but by the puritans and jesuits." (vol. xxx. p. 123.) C.

Joyner, alias Lyde, William (1622—1706). Dramatic poet. He was a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, but turned Catholic, and resigned his fellowship in 1645. He was restored to his fellowship at Oxford in James II.'s reign, but was expelled from it again in 1688. The antiquary Thomas Hearne writes of him: "He was one of the most retired men I have known. He was so devout and religious a man, that I have been told he spent almost the greatest part of his time upon his knees, upon which he was always found if it happened that any one peeped in at his door. He was a large man, very cheerful and pleasant, and died singing a hymn. Though he was a zealous Roman Catholic, yet he lived very quietly, and was not of the number of those who were for creating disturbances." (vol. xxx. p. 222.) C.

King, John, D.D. (1559?—1621). Bishop of London. Said to have been converted on his death-bed, but the fact seems very doubtful. (vol. xxxi. p. 136.)

King, Murtagh. In a notice of Paul King, Irish Franciscan (d. 1655), it is stated that his uncle, the Rev. Murtagh King, was a convert to Protestantism, and benefited by William Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore. (vol. xxxi. p. 143.)

Kirwan, Walter Blake (1754—1805). Preacher. Catholic priest. In 1787 became Protestant, and in 1789 was collated to the prebend of Howth and a living. In 1800 was appointed Dean of Killala. He married in 1798. (vol. xxxi. p. 230.)

Kirwan, Richard (1733—1812). Chemist and Natural Philosopher. It is stated that "he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at St. Omer in 1754," but quitted it in 1755. He conformed to the Established Church before 1766, having inherited the family estates, and wishing to be called to the Bar; but he finally became an Unitarian. (vol. xxxi. p. 229.)

Lacey, William (1584—1673). Jesuit and Controversialist. He graduated at Oxford in 1606, became a Catholic and a Jesuit, and during many years of missionary life in England, wrote some pamphlets against Chillingworth. Wood says "he was esteemed by all, especially by those of his own opinion." (vol. xxxi. p. 369.) C.

La Cloche, James (fl. 1668). Natural son of Charles II. He was brought up a Protestant, but became a Catholic, and entered the Jesuit noviceship in 1667, "apparently with the knowledge and approval of Charles." La Cloche, in August, 1668, was summoned to England, Charles II. having written to the General of the Jesuits to request this. "La Cloche finally returned to Rome as his father's secret ambassador to the Father General." C.

La Mothe (fl. 1675). In a notice of the life of C. G. La Mothe, Protestant refugee and Minister of the Savoy, it is mentioned that both his father and his uncle abjured Protestantism, the latter having become Canon of Orleans. (vol. xxxii. p. 28.) C.

Law, John (1671—1729). Financier. Having taken refuge on the Continent after killing an opponent in a duel, Law eventually became Controller-General of French Finance. As a preliminary to this, he abjured Protestantism in 1720, and professed himself a Catholic. (vol. xxxii. p. 232.)

Leech, Humphrey (1571—1629). In Anglican Orders, holding various preferments; but was received into Church at St. Omer, and in 1612 ordained priest. He became a Jesuit in 1618. (vol. xxxii. p. 386.) C.

Leedes, Sir Thomas. In the notice of Edward Courtney, or Leedes, Jesuit, it is mentioned that his father, Sir T. Leedes, C.B., having embraced the Catholic faith, voluntarily left this country, and settled at Louvain. Edward joined the Society of Jesus, and was Provincial of the English Province in 1660—1664. (vol. xii. p. 348.) C.

Leighton, Sir Elisha (d. 1685). Courtier. Became Catholic about 1655, at Antwerp. North and Burnet give an unfavourable account of him, but he finds more favour with other contemporaries. (vol. xxxiii. p. 2.) C.

Leslie, or Lesley, George (d. 1637). Brought up in reformed faith, but converted to Catholicism. He entered the Scots College, at Rome, in 1608, and afterwards became a Capuchin Friar. There is an account

of his conversion, decked with many marvellous incidents, which obtained wide currency abroad. It seems to be quite apocryphal. (vol. xxxiii. p. 90.) C.

Leslie, Count Walter (1606—1667). Soldier and diplomatist. Bred a Calvinist, but received into Church about 1634. He was a brave soldier in the Austrian service, but was responsible for the death of Wallenstein. (vol. xxxiii. p. 109.) C.

Leslie, William (1657—1727). Bishop. Son of a Scotch laird, and brought up at King's College, Aberdeen. On going abroad to study at Padua, he became a Catholic, and took Holy Orders. Thence he went to Austria, and was made successively Bishop of Waitzen and Layback, and Privy Councillor to the Emperor. (vol. xxxiii. p. 111.) C.

Lewgar, John (1602—1665). Anglican, Rector of Taverton, Somerset, 1627—1635. Induced to become Catholic by Chillingworth. He was a writer of controversial works, and missionary in America. He died of the plague in London, in 1665. (vol. xxxiii. p. 167.) C.

Lodge, Thomas (1558—1625), author, second son of Sir Thomas Lodge, Lord Mayor of London. After taking his degree at Oxford, he devoted himself to writing poems, plays, and romances, and he played a prominent part in literary society during Elizabeth's reign. He is best known to fame as having in his romance of *Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie*, supplied Shakespeare with the plot of *As you like it*. He travelled, studied medicine, and "is known to have become a Catholic in middle life," but at what precise date does not appear. "Soon after 1603 Lodge seems to have fallen under suspicion as a Roman Catholic, and fled the country." He returned later and practised successfully as a physician, "being chiefly patronized by his co-religionists." His last work was a popular treatise on medicine, written at the request of the Countess of Arundel, the widow of the Venerable Philip Arundel, who had died a prisoner in the Tower for conscience sake in 1595. It is noteworthy that all Lodge's lighter contributions to literature were published before his conversion. (vol. xxxiv. p. 60.) C.

Lumley, Richard, first Earl of Scarborough (d. 1721). Became a Protestant in 1687. Entered into communication with, and signed the invitation to William of Orange, in 1688. Became Privy Councillor, Gentleman of the Bedchamber, and Colonel of first troop of Horseguards, in 1688-9. In 1690, created Earl of Scarborough. (vol. xxxiv. p. 275.)

Magellan, or Magalhaens, Jean Hyacinthe de (1723—1790). At one time an Augustinian monk. At the age of forty, renounced the religious life. Came to England, 1764. He died in 1790, having many years previously renounced Catholicism, but whether of any religion at death, is not said. (vol. xxxv. p. 317.)

Malart, Michael (fl. 1727). French. Born Roman Catholic, and ordained priest, but came to England about 1700, and became Protestant. Said to have been convicted by J. A. Dubourdieu, minister

of the Savoy, of "habitual and consummate adultery;" his allowance being withdrawn for his scandalous life. (vol. xxxv. p. 394.)

Manby, Peter (d. 1697). Dean of Derry. He became a Catholic "in consequence, as his adversaries alleged, of his failure to obtain a bishoprick." From that time until his death, he was engaged in various controversies, notably with William King, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. His brother, Robert Manby, also a clergyman of the Establishment, became a Catholic as well, and entered the Franciscan Order. (vol. xxxvi. p. 18.) C.

Mann, Theodore Augustus, called the Abbé Mann (1735—1809). Scientist, antiquary, &c., born in Yorkshire, revolted from a commercial career, and ran away to France, where he became a Catholic, in 1756. After an adventurous life, he joined the English Carthusians at Nieuport. He was twice offered a bishopric, but declined. His reputation as a scientific man stood very high, and he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, and Hon. F. S. A. (vol. 36, p. 44.) C.

Massey, John (1651?—1715). Fellow and Senior Proctor of Merton College, Oxon. Convert, after James II.'s accession. In November, 1688, he went to France with Thomas Deane, Fellow of University College, also a convert. Massey became a priest, and resided in Paris until his death, in 1715. (vol. xxxvii. p. 6.) C.

Massinger, Philip (1583—1640). Dramatist. He was educated at Oxford, and "Wood conjectures that he was supported at the University by Henry Herbert, second Earl of Pembroke, until he offended his patron by adopting the Roman Catholic religion; but of his religious conversion little is known." "The theory that Massinger was converted to Roman Catholicism in middle life, depends on the Catholic tone of many passages in his *Renegado* and the *Virgin Martyr*, which he wrote with Dekker, but the proofs are by no means conclusive." (vol. xxxvii. p. 10.)

Matthew, Sir Tobie (1577—1655). Courtier, diplomatist, and writer, son of Anglican Archbishop of York. Convert, 1606; priest, 1614. He withstood numberless attempts to reconvert him, and, despite the malice of many enemies, the impression left by his life is a most favourable one. (vol. xxxvii. p. 63.) C.

Menteith, Robert (fl. 1621—1660). Professor of Protestant University of Saumur, and afterwards minister of the kirk of Duddington. Joined Catholic Church at Paris. (vol. xxxvii. p. 257.) C.

Menzies, John (1624—1684). Scottish divine and professor. He is said to have been brought up a Roman Catholic, but he early connected himself with the Reformed Church. He seems during life to have rung the changes upon every description of Protestantism. "He died February 1, 1684, much troubled in conscience for having fallen into independency, for having conformed to episcopacy, and most of all for having taken the test. He professed penitence for his vacillation." (vol. xxxvii. p. 259.)

Meredith, Edward (1648—1689), Catholic controversialist. He was elected a King's scholar at Westminster School, and was afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford. He became secretary to Sir William Godolphin, the English Ambassador to Spain, and was there received into the Catholic Church. On returning to England he was much engaged in controversy, but he seems to have gone abroad in 1688, and to have died in Italy. (vol. xxxvii. p. 270.) C.

Middleton, Charles (1640?—1719), second Earl of Middleton, and Secretary of State to James II. After resisting the attempts made to convert him during the lifetime of King James, he yielded to his master's dying exhortations, and was received into the Church after James' death. (vol. xxxvii. p. 340.) C.

Monro, Alexander (d. 1715?). Principal of Edinburgh University. He appears to have been educated at St. Andrew's, but "is said, by Wodrow, to have been originally a Roman Catholic." He was professedly Presbyterian, but had strong leanings towards episcopacy, and was deprived of his office of Principal after the Revolution. (vol. xxxviii. p. 179.)

Montagu, Walter (1603—1677). Abbot of St. Martin's, near Pontoise. He was the second son of Henry Montagu, first Earl of Manchester. He was educated at Cambridge, and was employed to negotiate the marriage of Charles I. with the French Princess Henrietta Maria. Having gone to Loudun with another young man of fashion, Tom Killigrew, the playwright, out of curiosity, to witness the exorcisms of certain Ursuline nuns there who were possessed by the devil, Montagu was converted to the Faith by what he saw. During the rebellion Montagu was imprisoned in the Tower; after his release he retired to France, and was made Abbot *in commendam* of St. Martin, devoting the large revenues principally to charity. He had many literary tastes, and wrote both poetry and works of controversy. (vol. xxxviii. p. 271.) C.

Morgan, William (1623—1689). Jesuit. He was a King's scholar at Westminster, and passed from thence to Trinity College, Cambridge. He fought on the Royalist side in the Civil War, and was taken prisoner at Naseby. After six months' imprisonment, he entered the Spanish service, and being there converted to the Catholic faith, he became a Jesuit in 1651. He was Professor, Rector of the English College, Rome, and afterwards Provincial. He was imprisoned and narrowly escaped with his life at the time of Oates' Plot. (vol. xxxix. p. 39.) C.

Morse, Henry and William (1595—1645 and 1591—1649). Jesuits. Henry, the younger brother, was a student at one of the Inns of Court. Being converted to the Catholic faith, he entered the Society of Jesus, and after being more than once imprisoned, he was put to death as a priest in 1645. His elder brother also became a Catholic and a Jesuit, and laboured on the mission in England until his death in 1649. (vol. xxxix. p. 113.) C.

Indian Sketches in Black and White.

A WEDDING AND A BURIAL.

A LEGEND exists that the Parsis—the “Jews of India,” as they are called, by reason of their ready aptitude for finance and commerce, and their amazing capacity for growing rich—are a remnant of the lost tribes, banished from Persia because they clung to their own ancient faith. And it is conceivable that such an idea might vulgarly obtain concerning them, possessing, as emphatically they do, so many of the attributes and participating so largely in the intellectual gifts of the Chosen People. It is hard to understand the decadence—almost the extinction—of so virile a race; or why the scanty remnant, the 180,000 who have made Bombay the city of their adoption, should alone endure to tell the tale of their primeval greatness; a tale told in no uncertain note nor in sounding words only, but in the still vital energy, the intrepid grasp of enterprise, the calm, strong spirit of self-reliance of those sons and daughters of Iran. Ever in the front ranks in movements of advance, and shooting ahead of their environments in a curiously facile manner, it is easy to associate them in one's thoughts with that great impulse of a remote century which lifted their race from the dead weight of idolatry and the gross deva worship of the ancient Aryan religion and turned their minds from Indra, Bel, Nabon, and the rest of the Magian pantheon, to Ahura-Mazda, the One and All-wise God: thus approaching very closely to the Hebrew conception of the Deity.

“You cannot belong to both of them (that is, you cannot be worshippers of the one true God and of many gods at the same time),”¹ said the organ-voiced Zoroaster, the warrior-prophet of Shushan, that “great and deep thinker,” through whose enlightened reason the Persians of his age were helped to a new and higher order. “Perform you the commandments which

¹ Yasna (Darmestater).

were pronounced by Mazda himself and have been given to mankind. For they are a nuisance and perdition to unbelievers, but prosperity to believers in the truth. They are the fountain of happiness."¹ Neither did he stop short at reforms of the religious and moral order, but with a keen vision for the needs of his age, he took hold of the civil institutions, and with a strenuous finger beckoned his people on the road to progress—as *he* saw it. Especially did he urge them to that initiatory step to a higher civilization, the use of the ploughshare and the sickle, where only herds and pastures had been before—to “hearken to the voice of nature and to cultivate the land.”

Very fine and malleable material would Zoroaster, with “that little book” of his, the *Avesta*, find to work upon, if we may take the Parsi of to-day, with his sound capacity, his mental and physical vitality, his mobility and his genius for commerce—almost Semitic in its instinct—as a type of his indefinitely remote forebears of Iran. The grave, strong, responsible face and self-possessed gait would alone mark the Parsi apart from an Indian crowd, even without the ugly head-gear—like a mitre of black patent leather—and the distinctive tunic of white linen, beneath which is worn the indispensable *sadaro*, or gauze shirt, and the *kusti*, a woollen cord of seventy-two strands—both possessing mystical significance, and as sacred and essential to good Zoroastrians as his scapular is to a Dominican or the cord of St. Francis to a Friar Minor.

And their women—refined and cultured—are as unrestricted in their comings and goings as were the women of England’s last generation. In the cooler hours of the morning and evening, they may be seen, reposeful and unselfconscious, going to and fro, in their clinging white skirts and silken *saris* of every tone of delicate colour cunningly and daintily brodered—the most pictorial raiment which ever clad the form of woman, one which, to see, makes the wearer of “tailor-made” garments and Worth’s “creations” feel diminished and abashed.

These are a few of the many outward signs which, trivial though they be, help to recall the great and pregnant past of the Parsi, and cause one to marvel that a race of such vigour and virility should have come, numerically, so utterly to naught. And, possessing such vitality, how it is that this handful of a people remains only a handful. It is not for want of marrying and giving in marriage. For that is an ordinance of such

¹ Yasna.

continuous occurrence that a great hall—or palace it might justly be called—has been set apart for the daily Parsi weddings of high degree. To such a one we were bidden, which was appointed to take place at five o'clock, the yearned-for hour when Bombay begins to simmer down as much as it is capable of doing, and when bleached *mem-sahebs* and white-faced *chota sahebs* and *missee babas* appear to take what air is to be had on Malabar Hill.

A grave and stately "master of the ceremonies" received us at the entrance of the brilliantly illuminated enclosure, wherein were gathered a vast multitude of Parsis, in ceremonial white linen and mitre-like head-dress. They sat in closely-packed rows, looking infinitely bored, in spite of the native band which was doing the best it knew to make the waiting-time pass nimbly. Through this male throng we were piloted to the great hall beyond, where a company of ladies were seated, also in rows—or rather squares—leaving a central space, where the sacred carpet was already spread, upon which were two expectant-looking chairs, facing one the other, and presently to be occupied by bride and bridegroom. At either side were small tables, bearing trays of rice and cocoa-nuts.

A fresh and radiant effect of colour was produced by this assemblage of dark-eyed, olive-tinted women draped in heliotrope, blue, grey, and sky-green. Like the Japanese, they seemed to have taken their hues from a cloudy northern sunset—all guiltless of aniline. The only hint of barbarism lay in their jewels, ancient, priceless (some of them), and beautiful, but—too many. These beautiful little women were more jocund than the men, and their tongues more fluent—being to that manner born, I suppose. Just beyond the carpet—upon which no unhallowed foot might tread—I found myself between two gracious, pictorial little beings who, in excellent English, shed what light they could on the complex forms of their marriage rites. A band of girls meanwhile chanted in Gujerati a chorus both characteristic and sympathetic.

The bridegroom was occupied in receiving the congratulations of his men guests, a Cashmere shawl, the distinctive garb of a bridegroom, thrown over his arm. Presently he was led by his friends to the mystic carpet. He carried a gigantic bouquet, and the heavy wreath of perfumed flowers which hung round his neck gave him the air of a sacrificial creature being led to the slaughter. He being placed in one of the chairs, the bride

came, wrapt in a white and gold *sari*, looking tired and anxious as brides mostly do. She sat opposite to him, a white linen veil being held between to screen one from the other. A strip of twisted linen was girt round the two chairs, binding them, as it were, together, and a consecrated cord was also wound about the man and woman, passing through their hands. If by mischance either let it slip, it was held to be of ill-omen. In this case all went well, and amid applause and hand-clapping the linen screen was withdrawn and the bride's chair placed by the side of her husband's. Then began a homily in Persian, delivered by the archpriest, which, they not understanding—Zend (an idiom of ancient Persian) being the language of their prayer and sacred books—was translated to them in a running accompaniment by the second priest. During the exhortation and the liturgical prayers which followed, each held in their laps a cocoa-nut; whilst the priests continually showered over them handfuls of rice—one being the symbol of plenty, the other of fertility. Presently the rice was thrown obliquely, and this, my little neighbour told me, was an indication that the ceremony was drawing to a close. Then the *saris* with one accord arose and poured, like an iridescent flood, into the open quadrangle, where the banquet for five hundred guests was spread, and where the ladies—Orientals though they were—were to be served first.

At their wedding-feasts, Parsis use plantain leaves in place of plates and dishes. And very harmonious did it seem: those radiant little beings, like a company of brilliant butterflies of divers hues, each with her section of plantain leaf—about a foot square—spread on the table before her, upon which were small portions of sweetmeats, fruit, fritters, and poached egg. It was more like a feast prepared for birds than human creatures, and how they contrived to manipulate the eggs without aid of so much as a pair of chopsticks, we did not wait to see. Probably very few tried. The quaint custom is part of their marriage formalities which still receive very minute treatment, in spite of the advancement of the people.

We left them as we found them—though the sun had not yet touched the horizon—in a blaze of artificial light. Devotion to fire and light, it would seem, was the singular feature of the ancient Magian worship retained by the Zoroastrians; retained only as worship in a secondary sense, and in as far as it was regarded as symbolic of the "inaccessible light," the All-wise

God. And what more suggestive or significant figure could be found for Him than this "universal agent," the cleanser and purifier, the comforter and avenger, so benignant and yet so terrible, so beautiful to the infant eye of humanity in its lustrous red and gleaming gold? The races of earth's earliest æons were of one accord in their tendency to grant to fire a paramount importance in their religious worship; and the voice of the ages tells us that the divinities of nearly all ancient peoples were gods of light. What marvel indeed, when the lights and fires which hung in the limitless space above them were, perhaps, the only lights and fires they knew? We, with blazing logs, glowing coal, and electric light among our common things, may find it hard to realize what the earth must have been to its human occupants before the discovery of fire, and what the rising of the sun must have meant after dark, melancholy nights of danger, chill, and dread. "Agni is awake," says the *Veda*. "Out of the earth riseth the sun-god; Ushas, the high yellow One, hath dawned." What wonder that their wise men, with faces to the east and awe at heart, expectant and desirous, should wait only for the uprising of the Shining One, the turning of the golden tide, to prostrate with renewed joy and thankfulness. Was he not, so far as they knew, the giver of all good things? "No incidents save of his causing, no delight save of his giving."¹

Even from the stand-point of to-day, and in the clear light of Christianity, it is no hard thing to apprehend the spell which fire and light have cast over man from the earliest infancy of his race. Beasts—the most ferocious—feared it. Men worshipped it, because they were bound to worship *something*, and it was the most worshipful thing they knew. Surely the instinct was a beautiful and—relatively—a true one; a sort of foreshadowing of the heavenly vision of Patmos, when the beloved of the Lord saw, burning before the Throne of the Ancient of Days, seven lamps—the seven spirits of God; an intuition of a completer knowledge when that which had been the object of worship would become, not a figure only of high sanctity—as, in Scripture, angels are described as "wheels of fire, rivers of fire, burning flames,"—but a typical and very essential accessory to the service of God's Church, even to her highest act of worship.

Though we, in our nineteenth century wisdom, may be tempted, with something of levity, to smile at the childish souls

¹ Mrs. Meynell, *Rhythm of Life*.

who made gods of God's creations, we may do well to call to mind that even in these days of exact thought and higher criticism there are other meaner and subtler ways of stumbling into the same pitfall—ways lacking the justification of simple ignorance and pure intention, and compared with which the fire-worship of the ancients was as light and life compared with death and darkness.

In Parsi burials there is less of grace and poetry than in their weddings, but more perhaps of stern reason. The gruesome Towers of Silence, their "place of death," high up on Malabar-Hill, are hidden away amid bowers of mango and palm-trees. Beneath the trees are terraces of rose-beds under fringed and silken plantains, from which you may look down on Bombay in all the beauty of its domes and the green abundance of its gardens and boulevards. Look to the south-west and you will see its bay curving crescent-wise on one side to Colabar Point—stretching far into the Indian Ocean—and on the other to the wooded heights of Malabar; whilst its satellite isles sit, like outpost guards, round the beautiful harbour, in the still purple waters of which great warships and stately, white yachts lie motionless and idly dreaming, looking, against the crimson western sun, like "painted ships upon a painted ocean."

Of the five solemn, sombre, grey towers, clustering among the trees, like death in the midst of life, the ground-plans are all on the lines of an ancient and mystical figure—that of Mazda-yashnian Dakna, or place of death, so vividly described by Mr. Crawford in his *Zoroaster*. He tells how the great seer, when he made his sanctuary amid the hill country of Chaldea, traced this figure—an intersected circle—on the desert plain, a thread of strange, mystic light following the tracery of his finger; and that when he lay within these lines of symbolized death he became as one dead, his spirit, no longer bound by matter or space, "being loosed in a trance and freed from the bonds of earth," and thus rendered receptive of the Divine illuminations which were to aid him in his reforms. This legend it is—and the firm belief in it—which lends sacredness to the form used in constructing the Silent Towers of the Parsis.

Congregated upon the parapets of the towers, as closely as they could perch, we found hundreds of grim vultures, waiting—with cruel, unflinching, unblinking eyes—for the next funeral. They did not wait long. Even as we lingered among the tall

cypresses near the "House of Prayer," a procession wound up the steep rock steps of the pathway from below. The "carriers of the dead" came first, and they were followed by a multitude of white-robed Parsis. The bearded men, whose office it is to carry the pitiful dead through the heavy, metal door in the side of the tower, place it, according to age and sex, on the outer, middle, or innermost circle of open metal-work grooves which cover the yawning space below. They, except the vultures, are the only living beings that ever enter that chamber of horrors. That which they place there will, in two hours, have become a skeleton which, when bleached by that great deodorizer the sun, will be cast into the central well of the tower, there in the course of ages to moulder into dust, and so to be forgotten and dissolved into its elements, "in the trackless and undiscoverable waste of past mortality."

Apart from sanitary reasons, the insistent veneration for the elements which has entered into and taken forcible possession of the Parsi mind, is a strenuous cause of this strange and remotely ancient method of burial. Zoroastrians will not pollute anything so sacred as fire, neither will they defile God's earth, by contact with a dead body—which they hold to be a thing unclean—so unclean that the "carriers of the dead" are a class apart, the office descending from father to son. And even they perform the task gloved and, with their tong-shaped implement, avoid the defilement which contact by touch would bring. Before leaving the ground, they purify themselves and change their clothing in a chamber reserved for the purpose.

Yet this shrinking horror of soulless humanity goes with an immense and pathetic reverence for the dead. You have but to rest for a while near the House of Prayer—chapel we should call it—to realize the loving fervour of the invocations which arise thence for the souls which have gone to the "Great Hereafter"—prayers which are figured, in the ready grasp of the Oriental imagination, by the spiral forms of adjacent cypresses rising, as they do, flame-like and direct to heaven.

Not only do they pray for the dead, but they have belief—in some sense—in their bodily resurrection. A wide departure this from the Aryan doctrine of spiritual transmigration. This may readily be traced to Hebrew influence during the age of the Jewish Captivity, and that blending of the Aryan and Semitic minds which gave birth to Zoroaster's religious system. For tradition tells how he, in the days of "the great King"

Darius, sat at the feet of Daniel, the princely Prophet and Governor of the Hebrews in Babylon; and learnt of him that larger and nobler worship which was to lead him and his people so many steps further on the way to the full light and knowledge which they desired so consummately; to a clearer view of the All-wise Power

Which makes the darkness and the light
And dwells not in the light alone.¹

S. H. DUNN.

¹ Tennyson.

Humour of the Primary School.

AT a moment when the attention of many is directed to school affairs, it may not be amiss to turn aside from the vexed question of grants-in-aid and to take a brief glance at one of the internal phases of school life. A school is hardly an abode of smiles; yet under the grim exterior, humour, none the worse for being unconscious, often lurks. We have more than once resolved to note down and keep account of these rays of light in a gloomy atmosphere, but somehow the record has been ill-kept. Our purpose to-day is to gather together a few specimens, most of which have come under our own notice—and these we present to the reader.

It is the examination-day—the *dies iræ* of the primary school. The Inspector has questioned on the manufactures of the country. Abruptly changing his theme, he demands, "Where is Kent?" "Absent, sir," says a small youth, who has mixed up the identity of a southern county and a sick school-mate.

A class of little boys has just been transferred to the senior school. They are learning to spell in syllabic fashion, f, i, d *fid*; d, l, e *däl*: *fiddle*. The teacher questions, "What do you call the person who plays the fiddle?" "*Fiddler*." "And the man who beats the drum?" "*Drummer*." "And the man who plays the organ?" A little fellow's eyes betray his self-importance. "Good boy," says teacher. "Now, tell the class what we call the man who plays the organ." "Please, miss—*Hi-talian*!"

A boy on being asked the whereabouts of the Crystal Palace, replied, "Down Manchester Road!" thus indicating a tavern which emphasizes its dinginess by appropriating the title of Paxton's famous structure.

In a north-country school the teacher introduced an object lesson on wool by asking a little boy, "From what is your coat made?" With perfect candour the lad replied, "Fayther's!"

In giving a first lesson on the rotatory motion of the earth a teacher, to convey the idea of axis, suggests the somewhat vague question, "If I had a very long pole and were to push it right through the earth, where would it go?" "To H—ll," comes the answer from a zealous and self-convinced urchin.

Erratic spelling and pronunciation, and also a half knowledge of words, furnish their quota of humour. One youth writes in his exercise, "He was brought up before the *mager-strait*." Another informs the schoolmaster that his "mudder is coming up about eleven o'clock for Jimmy's *servi-ticket*" (certificate). A third upsets the pedagogue by gravely remarking, "Freddy cannot come to school, 'cos he's got twins" (quinsies). Occasionally a youngster coins his own word: a boy on being sent for a modulator, referred to it as a *Doh Paper*.

The youthful mind takes easily to ready-made definitions, but unfortunately they are not always reproduced with strict accuracy, as the following instances from the Catechism will illustrate:

"Is the Pope the Shepherd and Teacher of all Christians?"—"The Pope *is* the Shepherd and Teacher of all Christians, *when he ate the forbidden fruit*."

"Who made the second part of the Hail Mary?"—"The Church of God *in spite of* the Holy Ghost made the second part of the Hail Mary."

The prayer, "O my good Angel, *watch over me* this night," assumed the interrogatory form, "O my good Angel, *what shall I do* this night?"

At times a smart youth has the joke on his own side. Asked the meaning of "antique," a boy replied, "Ancient." Pressed for an illustration, he looked around, and then, with a merry twinkle, said, "Yourself, sir." We admitted the soft impeachment, for—to borrow a phrase from Daudet—"a little snow has already fallen on our head." Again, a teacher is trying to educe the meaning of the word "pretend." He takes a sheet of paper, and folding it in view of the class, says, "Suppose I tell you this is a £10 note. You know it is not. Now, if you talk about our lesson to your mother this evening, what will you say of the teacher?" And softly came the words, "Teacher's been a-kiddin' us."

Exercises in composition afford considerable diversion, though it has not fallen to our lot to encounter such perversions as are from time to time quoted in the newspapers. Indeed, we

can hardly believe that the diffident disposition of the school-boy permits the vagaries set down to his account; and the ludicrous *volapük* in which these flights of fancy are expressed is, thanks perhaps to the Code, almost unknown in the school-room. Here are some samples of childish misstatement: "There are different kinds of wood: the oak, pine, birch, rose-wood, and a *few more, too numerous* to mention." In describing a locality, a boy wrote, "The next station was *about half way from the first one*." Here is Tommy Jones' description of a penny: "On one side is the Queen's head, with the inscription, *Victoria Regina, D.G.* On the other side is St. George on a barrel with a fork in his hand, a ship, and a lighthouse." Another child took the figure of Britannia for Queen Victoria on a bicycle! A carpenter is thus epitomized: "He is the *nurse* of man; he makes the cradle, also furniture which is in every-day use, and the coffin in which man is lowered to his last resting-place." "Sailors are kept chiefly in case of wrecks when out at sea." "There are different kinds of precious stones, such as the diamond, the ruby, the pearl, and the *asthma*." On the other hand, the little fellow who began his composition with, "Flowers are little sprigs of nature," might have given a lesson to many of his elders.

The quaintest answers come during religious instruction. In a lesson on the matter and form of the sacraments, the question was asked, "What are the words which the bridegroom says to the bride in the marriage ceremony?" and sweetly came the response, "You are my unfortunate wife!" Presumably, the lad substituted "unfortunate" for "lawful-wedded," though a cynic may take the reply to be well larded with truth. A little girl was asked who knelt at the foot of the Cross; and she replied, "Mary M'Donough." Occasionally, an oral reply reaches a fairly high level of merit, as in the explanation by a Sixth Standard boy of the difference between the Old Dispensation and the New: "In the Old Law, God taught men to love Him by fear; in the New Law, He teaches them to fear Him by love." Prayer-book translations of the Psalms differ considerably in arrangement. With the object of ensuring uniformity in the class, we once dictated the *Miserere*. Despite our care, we failed to secure a uniform version; for one choice pupil, while respecting phonetic principle, finished up: "Then shall they *lake halves* upon Thy altar." "Lake" is the local synonym for "play": "halves" is open to conjecture.

We can but touch upon the epistolary literature which comes under the notice of the schoolmaster, and upon the conversations held at the school door. The choice of writing material reproduces the expedients of the ancients. An empty match-box, opened out, presents a fairly uniform shaving on which many a note is written; other epistles are scrawled in pencil upon a piece of linen rag. The form of address varies from "Honoured Sir" down to the plainest terms of abuse. The course of the pedagogic bark is not without danger: it is ever between the Scylla of parental indifference and the Charybdis of parental indignation. Here is an illustration of our meaning. The fond mother of a truant boy asks pardon for the delinquent, and ends by insinuating that Peter is not quite responsible for his actions, because when a child *he was runned over with a voysickle*. A few days later the same parent throws open the school door, and dragging forward her young rascal, exclaims: "Shlug him, masther, and I'll thank ye for it."

We give one more instance of school door humour which recently occurred. An old woman had asked a small favour, and obtained our promise to do what was possible to assist her. She thus expressed her thanks: "God bless ye, sorr, *and make a gintleman av ye*." The words in italics had for the good dame but one meaning: the reader will perceive a second interpretation. For our part, we crave the two-fold blessing.

R. S.

A Heroine of Charity.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HER.

HER Royal Highness Sophie Charlotte d'Orléans, Duchesse d'Alençon, who died a victim of her devotion to others in the terrible fire of the Charity Bazaar at Paris, was born at Munich on the 22nd of February, 1847, being the youngest of the five beautiful daughters of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria. She was married in 1868 to His Royal Highness the Duc d'Alençon, son of the Duc de Nemours and grandson of King Louis Philippe. The early part of her married life was spent at Bushey Park, then the residence of her father-in-law, and many may remember the fair and timid young Duchess who, in the season of 1869, appeared not unfrequently in London Society.

After the Franco-German War, the French Government having sanctioned the return of the Orleans Princes into France, the Duc d'Alençon immediately entered the service of his country, and as Captain of Artillery was stationed at Vincennes, where he chose to live with the utmost simplicity, not wishing to be different from his fellow-officers unless in giving the example of true piety, the regular frequentation of Holy Communion in uniform and in the presence of his regiment, and the practise of all domestic virtues.

There it was, in that unpretending villa, that the sweet and gentle Duchess spent the next few years. She led a very quiet life, her chief companion being her sister, the Queen of Naples, who lived close by at St. Mandé. Occasionally she might be seen in society in Paris with the Duke, but she was ever timid and retiring, and at an age when many think only of pleasure, she found her greatest delight and distraction in works of piety and charity.

In the autumn of each year there was always a family gathering of brothers and sisters around their mother, the venerable Duchess Max of Bavaria, at her residence on the beautiful Tegernsee. The Empress of Austria is lovely indeed, not less so the Queen of Naples; the Princess of Tour and Taxis, and the Countess Trani had also their charms, but the favourite

of all was the Duchess d'Alençon. These royal ladies, so reserved and stately at Court, were noted for their simplicity and friendliness when amongst the devoted peasantry of the mountain home of their youth, and the pomp and grandeur of the world has ever had less attraction for them than the charms of nature and liberty.

After some years spent in military service, the Duc d'Alençon, with the other princes of his Royal House, was once again forbidden to wear the uniform so dear to them, but he would not leave his country, and if he was compelled to lead the life of a private gentleman, his noble Duchess had a battlefield still left open to her: she would work and fight in the ranks with the noblest, the fairest, and the humblest women of the land; fight that dread and constant enemy, the misery of the poor.

And so it came to pass that she, though a German Princess by birth, an Orleans Princess by marriage, had so identified herself with charity that on that fatal Tuesday she was the most prominent figure of the Paris Bazaar, where every shade of political opinion and every creed had met together for the love of God's poor.

It was a little after four in the afternoon, the Papal Nuncio had just left, having imparted his blessing to the work, when the fatal fire broke out and a panic ensued. The Duchess, standing by her stall, was urged to attempt an escape, but she calmly replied: "We must let the visitors depart first." Being urged still further, she said: "The Presidents must wait till the last, I shall remain. Duty before all." And so, as the captain remains the last on his sinking ship, did this noble woman, this heroine of charity, Sophie Charlotte of Orleans, remain, "with her eyes raised to heaven as though she saw a vision," and with a prayer in her heart for her loved ones, offer her sweet and gentle life, lest any other might be sacrificed in her stead. The end was brief. As gold is tried in the furnace, even so were she and her noble companions, and their remains gathered reverently as those of the martyrs of old, have been laid to rest with befitting pomp amidst a nation's mourning.

And this was a Royal Princess; but to her the humble habit of a tertiary of St. Dominic was of more value than precious jewels. Life might well be dear to her, with a beautiful and happy home, a devoted husband, virtuous and loving children. "Duty before all:" these her last words reveal the strength of the feeling—*Noblesse oblige*.

M. M'SHANE.

A Vision of the Holy Grail.

No knight was he of Arthur's Court, to ride
On errant quest, or parlous enterprise,
To fight with giants, or lay lance in rest
For love of his fair lady, or to win
His golden spurs amid the din of war ;—
And yet, methinks,—in truth I knew him well,—
He was the peer of Galahad, or his,
Bayard, renowned, *sans peur et sans reproche*,
The paragon of gentle chivalry,
So true a knight he was, our Lady's knight,
So true a man he was, a man of God.
Yet dwelt he 'mid the busy haunts of men,
Unknown to fame, nor caring for the praise
That men bestow ; but, day by day, fulfilled
The duty that befell, content to leave
The future to his Lord, and, patiently,
Took up his daily cross, as one who fain
Would follow Christ, the King ; and, day by day,
Knelt at His altar whom he served, to feed,
In reverent love, upon the Bread of Life,
The Food of Souls : thus drew he near to Him
To whom his heart was given, and for whom
Alone he lived. His servant and His friend ;—
Formed in the mould of her of whom was born
The Perfect Man, and, day by day, transformed
Into His Image, till he should attain
The measure of His stature, and become

Like to the Son of God :—the Saints of Christ
Are many, and are known to Him alone
Who knoweth all things, and is glorified
In all His servants.

Thus, through many a year,
The Servant lived ; but now, his head was bent,
White with the snows of age, and, on his face
Was written plainly, so that all might see,
That the Dear Lord had need of him, to be
For ever with Himself.

It so befell,
That once, at early morning, as he bent
Before the lowly altar, to receive
The Lord he loved, and, once again, he made
His humble act of thanks, alone with God,—
As, on a sudden, all the church was filled
With glory brighter than the sun at noon ;
Filled with a Presence sweet, ineffable,
Surpassing word or thought ; and then, behold !
A countless throng of angels, who adored
The Blessed Host upon His altar-throne ;
And all the air was filled with angel-songs,
In praise of Him who deigns to dwell with men
In loving condescension :—he, made bold,
By utter self-abasement, and the love
With which his heart was filled, upraised his eyes
And gazed in wonder ;—as the angel songs
Were hushed to silent awe, the angel heads
Bent lower yet in reverence, for he saw—
Oh, bliss unspeakable ! The Gracious One,
His Lord Beloved ; lo ! His Sacred Hands
Bore yet the nail-prints ; on His royal brow
Were still the scars the Crown of Thorns had made
In His dark hour of Passion ; yea, His Feet

Were wounded too, but on His Blessed Face
Glory transcendant, glory all Divine,
Yet full of utter love, of tenderness,
No words can tell.

In His right hand He bare
The chalice of His Blood, the Holy Grail,
His cup of love, of sorrow, bitter-sweet,
Which once He drained for us, the which He gives
To us, to drink therein. The Servant knelt,
And looked upon his Lord—for perfect love
Casteth out fear—and all his heart was filled
With the great peace of God, with joy Divine,
Yet full of sweetest sadness, for he knew
He was not worthy of his Lord ; he saw
In those dear Hands and Feet the deathless wounds
His sins had made, yet could but kneel and gaze
Into the Master's Face, the Face he loved.
And as he lowly knelt, the Gracious One
Lifted His wounded Hand, and signed to him
To draw yet nearer ; then, with reverent awe,
Close to the Sacred Feet, the Servant bent
Down to the very dust, yet, once again
Lifted his eyes to that most Blessed Face
Because he loved it. Then the Master spake,
And all the joy with which the Servant's heart
Was filled to overflowing, as he gazed
Upon the Face Divine, seemed nothingness
Compared to that with which his being thrilled
Hearing the Master speak.

What said He then ?

I might not know, the Servant's lips were sealed ;
Yet told he how the Lord had deigned to drink,
Once more, from out that cup, and how He pressed
The sacred chalice to His Servant's lips,

And bade Him drink of it, with Him ; and how
The draught was bitter passing words, yet sweet
Beyond our mortal speech ; how, as he drank,
He ever looked upon the Face of Christ,
And learned, therein, the secret of His Love
That passeth knowledge : thus he shared with Him
His cup of sorrow, who had borne His cross
For many a weary year : and, so, he drained
The chalice to the dregs ; then stooped, to kiss
The Master's Feet, whereat the Gracious One
Laid His dear wounded Hand upon his head
To bless, to pardon.

Then the Vision passed,
The glory vanished, and the angel train
Followed the Lord they serve : the light of day
Again shone round him as he knelt, and yet
The joy, the peace unspeakable remained
Never to pass away.

He rose to go
Forth to the daily task, as one who feels
His days are numbered, for the Master's cup,
Divinely sweet, is still the cup of death
For Him, for us ; those that shall drink therein
Must die with Him ; and so the Servant knew
His Lord would call him soon, and was as one
Who draws towards his goal, at close of day,
After a toilsome journey ; or as one
Whose task is nearly finished, who hath borne
The burden and the heat, who gladly lays
His sickle down, and hastens to his rest.

One day he sent for me, and I, who knew
His work was finished, sought his lowly room,
Bearing to him the Bread of Life, to stay,
To comfort him, in that last awful hour

When flesh and spirit quail : confessed, assoiled,
Fed with the Flesh Divine, he prayed me wait
A little while ; " not long," he said, " not long."
Thereat I heard him whisper, " Mary, help !
Sweet Jesu, mercy !" o'er and o'er again,
" Mother of God, have pity ! Mary, help !
My Jesu, mercy !" Then, more faint and slow,
" Jesu !" and " Mary !" as his eyes grew dim.
Thereafter, silence ; but the peace of God
Was on his face, the peace of those who die
At peace with Him.

Yet, once again, he stirred,
And strained his failing fingers round the cross
Worn for so many years ; then, suddenly,
He seemed to waken, for his closing eyes
Were opened wide, and on his lips a smile,
As of a man who sees a face he loves
Above all others, after many years
Of weary waiting ; so the Servant's face
Was full of joy.

When lo ! the little room
Was thronged with angels, though I saw them not,
Yet seen of him, and all the air was filled
With angel music, though I heard it not,
Yet heard of him ; and then, in utter awe,
And conscious of my own unworthiness,
I knelt beside the bed, for One was there
Whose priest am I—I whose frail mortal hands
Had lately held Him, hidden 'neath the sign
Himself hath chosen ; yet I saw Him not ;
I was not meet to see those Hands and Feet,
The Brow the thorns had scarred, the Blessed Face ;
Nor meet to hear the loving words He said,
The Lord, the Master ; but the Servant saw,

As he had seen Him when He bade him drink
From out His Holy Grail ; the Servant heard
His Voice, the Gracious One, for lo ! his face
Was as the face of one who talks with God,
As friend with friend :

And then his eyes grew dim
As blinded with the Vision, and once more
He whispered, " Jesu ! Mary ! "

Then he slept :
To whose pure soul, O Loving Lord Divine,
Grant, in Thy mercy, endless light and peace !

F. W. G.

Gilbert Franklin, Curate.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.

"ANY more cases, doctor?" asked Franklin, as they left the house of death together.

"Five or six already," answered the doctor, gravely. "Here, take a cigar; it will do you good, I assure you."

"Thank you." Franklin lit the cigar, and then inquired, anxiously: "Is it likely to spread?"

"Absolutely certain," was the reply. "See here: no rains, no drains, no cleanliness—they are mostly recent immigrants unaccustomed to this climate—a few cases already; an epidemic, almost to a certainty."

"How did it originate?" inquired Franklin, deeply interested.

"Sailor from China," answered the doctor, who was sparing of his words.

"Who is to blame for the state of the houses?"

"Major Belton, solely," returned the doctor, without the slightest hesitation. "Gets a percentage of the net profits, over and above his salary. The less spent on the houses, the bigger the profits. Told him myself, again and again, what would happen. Wrote him, a few days ago, telling him of sailor-fellow's illness. Sailor-fellow's getting better, of course." The doctor spoke as if the "sailor-fellow" had not behaved honourably in the matter.

"What has he done?"

"Done?" retorted the doctor, with an angry puff of smoke from his cigar; "done nothing at all, confound him." The medical man would probably have said something stronger, but for his respect for the cloth."

"Nothing?" repeated Franklin, in astonishment; "do you mean that he refused to do anything on your report?"

"Comes to that," was the emphatic answer, with another huge puff of disgust and tobacco-smoke. "Referred it to the Board, I suppose—that is, to himself, to all intents and purposes. Never answered my letter."

"What is to be done now—I mean, what can I do?"

"I know what I am going to do," said Dr. Turner, quietly.

"And that is?"

"Shut myself up in the infected district, live in Gascoigne's house. See the chief of police and the mayor about it all to-night."

"Yês, and then?" inquired Franklin.

"Everything, supplies, medicines, letters, will be left outside a barrier at the head of High Street, Gateshead. We shall be cut off from every one."

"We—do you mean yourself and me?"

"Glad to have you, if you'll come," was the reply, "but I was thinking of Father O'Brien."

"The Jesuit?"

"Yes; some of the men are Roman Catholics."

"I am with you, too," said Franklin, earnestly. "I only regret one thing, that is, that I am not in priest's orders." This was the call, beyond any doubt now.

"Can it not be arranged?" asked the doctor. "Don't believe much in priests myself, you know," he continued, "but they are good for those who do."

"I will try what can be done," answered Franklin. There could be no delay, no hesitation now. The matter had been placed beyond the limits of his control by the hand of God Himself, as the young man felt convinced.

"Do," rejoined Dr. Turner; "good night."

"Good night." They shook hands, as loyal allies in the battle against death. On reaching the mission-room, Franklin was glad to kneel down in the silent place and think for a few minutes. God's priest; was he worthy? Even that he could not decide. Who could be worthy? It was not a question of worthiness, any more than of doubts, difficulties, and conflicting creeds. It was a matter of duty, obedience, and of death. He knelt down in the vestry, and, taking in his hands the little silver crucifix, once more vowed to do his duty, and to leave the rest to God. Then he took off the cassock which he had kept on hitherto, put out the lamp, and locked the door. Then went to Blakesley's house, whom he knew as a man who feared nothing.

"Bad news, Mr. Blakesley," he said, when the churchwarden, who had been expecting him, opened the door.

"I am afraid I can guess it, sir," was the answer; "is Mrs. Gascoigne dead?" He had heard the summons, as he stood at the vestry door, waiting to speak to Franklin.

"Yes, of small-pox," replied Franklin, gravely.

"Small-pox!" Blakesley could say no more for a few moments. Then, quickly recovering his self-command, asked, anxiously: "Any more cases, sir?"

"Yes, several, and Dr. Turner dreads an epidemic."

"God help us," was the earnest rejoinder. Then, more calmly: "What can I do to help you, sir?" he inquired. Widely as he might differ from Franklin's creed, Blakesley had the highest possible respect and admiration for the young curate.

"Will you go and see the Dean for me?" asked Franklin.

"Yes, sir, certainly; what do you wish me to say to him?"

"Tell him, please, what has occurred; that I feel I *must* remain among my people; ask him to write to the Bishop and request him to admit me to full orders"—Franklin avoided the word priest out of deference to his hearer's feelings—"at once, if possible."

"Yes, sir. Now, where are you going to sleep to-night, if I may be allowed to ask?" He seemed to think of everything; Franklin was taken aback for a moment by the simple question.

"I had never thought of that," he answered, simply—as, indeed, was really the case. "I don't know, now," he added, as if it did not much matter.

"But I do," said Blakesley, with the air of a man who has made up his mind, "and that's here, in this house." The churchwarden was likely to prove a valuable ally.

"Here? are you not afraid—your wife?" faltered Franklin, thankful for the help, but unwilling to involve others in risk. It was his duty; were they to share it? The man's creed might be all wrong—Franklin was convinced that it was utterly false—but there was no doubt of its power to influence his conduct.

"My wife and I think alike," returned the churchwarden, calmly. "Missus," he called, "come here, will you?"

A tall, stern-looking, elderly woman answered the call. She had been Franklin's firmest opponent at first; like all who believe strongly in a dogmatic religion, she was inclined to be bigoted. To her mind Puseyism and Popery were synonymous; unless, indeed, Puseyism were the more dangerous of the two,

as being disguised under the forms of a Protestant Church. The young man was in earnest; that she could not help acknowledging; he was faithful and diligent in his pastoral work; he preached sermons which touched many hearts; he brought the men to church, and kept them there; he made them sober and religious. She resisted his notions as firmly as ever—though she yielded a few slight points of outward observance—the young man himself she had learned, like her husband, to respect, almost to love.

"What is it, John?" she asked, looking first at her husband, and then at Franklin.

"Give Mr. Franklin a good, hot supper, as quick as you can, old lady," said Blakesley, with a courtesy of manner towards his wife for which Franklin would hardly have given him credit. The churchwarden knew that Franklin must be utterly worn out; he knew also the absolute necessity of avoiding exhaustion as far as possible. Hence his practical instructions.

"Yes, John," said Mrs. Blakesley, quietly.

"And a glass of beer," added the churchwarden. It was the one subject on which he differed from his wife, but they had agreed to differ. It was no time for differences, great or small, so Mrs. Blakesley answered, "Yes, John," again, and turned to go into the house. Franklin was about to follow, when Blakesley said:

"You tell her, sir, it's nearly ten now, and I must see the Dean to-night." And he walked off hastily, though he had taught two classes of collier-boys in Sunday school that day, and was fairly tired out.

"What's the trouble, sir?" asked Mrs. Blakesley, beginning to prepare a supper which would have seemed savoury to an epicure, and which was simply delicious to Franklin, who was utterly exhausted. "John told me Mrs. Gascoigne was dying," she continued, drawing—notwithstanding her prejudices—the cork from a bottle of beer, and pouring it out deftly. "What was it, sir?"

"Small-pox, Mrs. Blakesley," answered the curate. "Mrs. Gascoigne died of it, and there are several more cases."

"What are you going to do, sir, if I may ask?"

"Live among my people," was the quiet reply. It seemed to Franklin simply a matter of course. That, it might be; perhaps all heroism is, after all, a matter of duty, done, as of course. But it does not cease to be heroism.

"God bless you for it, sir," said Mrs. Blakesley, more gently than Franklin could have believed possible in such a stern, forbidding-looking person. "You and I don't think alike in many things, but all His people can follow Him. What did John want you to say?" she added, after a pause.

"Wants me to sleep here to-night," answered Franklin.

"Glad to hear it, sir," returned Mrs. Blakesley, with a cordiality which was evidently genuine; "I'll get your bed ready at once." Then she stopped at the door to ask, with a curiosity excusable under the circumstances: "What did John go to the Dean for?"

"To ask him to request the Bishop to admit me to full orders," answered Franklin. "Then I can give my people Holy Communion, if they ask for it."

"I understand, sir; you leave it all to Him," she returned, with a simple dignity of faith that impressed him strongly and yet almost painfully. Strongly, for was she not unconsciously repeating the Archdeacon's advice, which, just at this moment, was of so much weight in forming his decision? In his highly-wrought state the words seemed to him almost an inspired utterance. Leave it to God—yes; that was all that he could do; was it not more than enough? Almost painfully; for what was he, after all, that he should condemn as a heretic this woman whose faith was so strong and clear, because it happened to differ from his own? It was as powerful to rule her life as his could be; brought her as close to God, as his could bring him—nearer, possibly. There was no *infallible* authority to convince that his was right, and that hers was false, or, at best, only imperfect. How could he *know*? Leave it all to Him."

"Now, sir," she continued, presently, when Franklin had finished his supper; "you sit down in John's arm-chair and rest yourself"—pushing the chair near the open window, for the sake of all the coolness possible on such a sultry night. "You'll need all your strength to finish the work He gives you to do."

And Franklin felt that he could not do better than obey her.

Left alone, he began to think, as clearly as his tired-out faculties would allow, of the solemn step he was about to take. There were no doubts and difficulties now, he had put them all behind him; this was his duty. That was all, just his duty, sent by God Himself—so he honestly and reverently believed. God's priest—was he worthy? Who could be worthy? It was his duty, that thought came to him over and over again.

He must do his duty and leave the rest to God. Then the tired head sank back among the cushions on the chair—John Blakesley loved comfort—and he fell asleep.

An hour passed, then the street door opened, and Blakesley came in.

The sound roused Franklin. "Well?" he said, wide awake in a moment, and too anxious to say more.

"You are to go to Lethington to-morrow," said Blakesley, quietly. "He has written to the Bishop, here's the letter," handing it to Franklin. "He bid me wish you God-speed with all his heart, will come himself—God bless him—if he is needed."

"Did you arrange about letting us have anything we want?" inquired Franklin.

"Yes, sir, everything's arranged. You just go to bed, you're tired out."

Tired as he was, Franklin could not go to bed till he had prayed—as he had never prayed before. For himself, for his people, for Edith, for these two saints—he could call them by no other name—who had come to his help. Then he laid down, and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, mental and physical.

"What else can I do for you, Mr. Franklin?" asked the Bishop, kindly, the next day. He had admitted Franklin to priest's orders most gladly, having full confidence in his fitness for that holy calling. All the little donnish ways of the college-tutor-rector-Bishop, were laid aside; he was a true father in God, anxious to help his son, by every means that might be possible. He knew that Franklin looked upon the perilous task he was about to undertake as simply a matter of duty; but he knew, too, that it was a real heroism, and prayed God to bless and keep him safe.

"May I ask a great favour?" said Franklin, diffidently, hardly knowing how to express himself.

"Certainly," answered the Bishop, "what is it?"

"May I be allowed to reserve in case of necessity?"

"By all means," was the cordial reply, given after a moment's thought; "it has been done before.¹ Tell them you have my sanction. There are many cases in which it would be impossible to consecrate. Yes, certainly you may reserve. I leave it to your discretion, Franklin. Anything more I can do, before your train goes?"

¹ The Holy Communion was reserved and carried from the church to the sick, during an epidemic at Leeds, in Dean Hook's time.

"May I write a letter, my lord?"

"By all means, you'll find everything you want at this table."

"Thank you very much, my lord." Franklin sat down, and wrote a short, loving letter to Edith, telling her, very simply, what he was about to do, asking her to pray for him, bidding her good-bye, lest he should never see her again. "If you will write to the Deanery as usual," he concluded, "I shall get your letter, though I cannot answer it. Write soon, dearest, it will help me to do my duty." That was all; why should he make much of doing his duty as God's priest, even to her? Afterwards—if God spared him—he would tell her all that she might wish to know. Yes, afterwards.

All through his return journey, the words of the ordination service seemed to be ringing in his ears, to fill his whole mind. "The office and work of a priest in the Church of God," he said to himself. No narrow limit of English, Greek, or Roman; a priest of the Church of God, of the Church Catholic, of the one Church. One God, one Church, one priesthood; that was how the thought took form and shape in his mind. The question of validity had, simply, never presented itself to him; he was a priest of the Church of God. That was enough for him. The Patriarch of Constantinople, the first Bishop of Western Christendom—so some of his advanced friends spoke of the Pope—could not do more for him. He was as truly a priest as this Jesuit, Father O'Brien, he was about to meet.

Must he, too, say farewell to earthly love, he wondered, as Father O'Brien had done? Surely, that was only a counsel of perfection, not an obligation. Greeks and Anglicans agreed in that—as in many other things—against the over-strictness of the Latin communion. But he, at least, thanked God that he had no wife *now*, lest she should come between him and his work for God. Not that Edith herself would have hindered him, that he was convinced of; rather, she would have striven to share his work, to help him in it, with a self-devotion far greater, far purer, even than his own. But nature is weak, even in a priest; his love for her *might* have made him a coward, even if it did not altogether prevent him from doing his duty. He *might* have loved his wife more than his Lord, *might* have been unworthy of Him. Was the Latin communion wiser in this than his own after all? He put the thought from him as a disloyal one, he was God's priest, free in heart and mind to do his duty.

Then his thoughts turned to Edith, and he took out of his pocket the last letter he had received from her, and read it, as lovers love to do. That she really loved him now, he had no doubt; would she love him through absence, through weeks of silence, of uncertainty, of danger? Love him still, not knowing whether he were alive or dead? Love him, even if she knew that he was dead? Or was it only a passing fancy? He went over it all, once more, as the train rattled along through the sultry afternoon, bearing him back to the battle with death himself, back to his duty. Well, he would do his duty, and would seek her out, when it was over, if God spared him.

"Mr. Franklin, Father O'Brien," Doctor Turner was introducing these two men to each other, who were so different, yet so much alike, spiritually, from both of whom he differed so widely.

They were a strange trio, these three men so strangely united in one work, under one roof, sharing it with the widowed, childless husband, who was so quiet under his grief, almost too quiet, the doctor thought, watching him closely, at every opportunity. He feared mania as the probable consequence of his bereavement acting on a mind much given to brooding at all times, broken, now and then, as the doctor had known, by bouts of wild, reckless drinking. He had given up drinking—just now; had resumed, mechanically and hopelessly, his lonely, subterranean toil. What he thought about during those long, dark hours, God only knew. He joined, night after night, in the prayers, offered in turn by Father O'Brien and Franklin; joined reverently, but as one who only partially realizes what he is doing. The doctor felt sure that mania, if it supervened, would not be religious—he wished it might be, however erratic—but homicidal, directed against one man, "the man who caused her death," as he had said, over the body of his dead wife.

The doctor knew all about "the escaped lunatic of the *John Elder*;" all about Gascoigne's murderous assault on Major Belton. He—the doctor—had not a very high opinion of human nature generally, certainly not of Major Belton—doubtless, for reasons satisfactory to himself. He could put the whole story together, as well as John Sampson had done, who also had his reasons—as a confidential (?) clerk—for distrusting the Major. To Dr. Turner, without any extraneous information, the whole matter was perfectly plain; he also knew that the

insanity of the escaped lunatic, *if* hereditary, as it was, in all probability, at least, came in some measure from her father. No wonder the doctor watched Gascoigne carefully; waiting for symptoms of mania.

The doctor himself was the oldest of the three allies, so he called the two priests and himself, knowing that it was to a battle indeed that they were about to go forth, shoulder to shoulder. He was about fifty, a bachelor, therefore without any ties to hold him back—if any could. His profession was his religion; he would have died for it, as a martyr for his faith. He had done his best, hampered as he was by the Major's indifference, and by the habits of the people, to avert the small-pox. It had come, as he had felt pretty sure that it would come; there was no question of heroism with him, any more than with Franklin or with Father O'Brien; it was his duty to help his people, and he did it.

Keen-minded, logical—as he understood logic—scientific to a degree unusual in a man situated as he was, without libraries or much leisure for study; inclined, possibly in consequence of logic *à la* J. S. Mill, and science, the most advanced and liberal, to be somewhat sceptical of all dogmatic religion, he yet knew, what he admitted most reluctantly and only when hard pressed, one incontrovertible fact. He did not approve of it, he could not adequately explain it, even to his own satisfaction, but his experience told him that it was a fact, that, in mortal sickness, the surest, safest, most comforting refuge to which the majority of men and women turn, instinctively, at the last is—Religion: to the ministrations of a priest, by whatever name they might call him. He might, and did, inveigh against priestcraft; he could deny neither its influence nor its power for good. Philosophy, in his opinion, was better; but philosophy was for the educated few; priestcraft was the guide and comforter of the uneducated, or unphilosophical, many. Outwardly, Dr. Turner was tall, spare, with iron-grey hair, and spectacles. He was as much addicted to argument, tobacco, and to German, as he was to philosophy.

"Now fight it out," he said, laughing—he knew the mistake of being too serious, even in a battle with disease and death; "Rome *versus* Oxford. If you can't agree, come to me, and I'll decide the matter for you."

"Settle your own controversies first, my dear sir," returned Father O'Brien, smiling. He guessed the doctor's motive, and cheerfully fell in with his humour.

"Which?" inquired Dr. Turner.

"Homœopathy *versus* allopathy," was the laughing answer; "when you have settled which of those is orthodox, you can decide between Mr. Franklin and me."

"Mine is orthodox, of course," asserted the doctor, stoutly.

"Why?" asked Franklin; "because it is yours?"

"No, because it is the oldest, the most universal, the most reasonable," retorted the man of medicine, evidently in earnest.

"A Daniel come to judgment," laughed Father O'Brien; "my dear sir, you have produced a most weighty argument in *my* favour, against Mr. Franklin."

"I appeal," said Franklin, eagerly, "and traverse the 'older,' at all events."

"Now, how will you settle it?" asked the doctor, returning to the charge, possibly to escape being cornered.

"How do you prove your contention?" rejoined the Jesuit, quickly; "produce your evidence, my dear sir, produce your evidence."

"Yes," added Franklin, "prove your case, before you judge between us."

"Evidence?" said the doctor; "why, history, to be sure."

"Who proves your history *true*?" asked Franklin, keenly.

"Cornered, doctor, fairly cornered," said Father O'Brien, cheerily; "you *must* have a living, infallible authority to witness to the *truth*."

"What do you say to *that*, Franklin?" inquired the doctor, determined not to allow complete victory to these two allies.

"I agree with him, entirely," returned Franklin, more gravely.

"And your authority?" asked Father O'Brien, quietly.

"The voice of the Church," was the earnest answer, spoken with evident conviction.

"Which Church?" The doctor was not beaten yet.

"The Catholic Church," said Franklin, in the same tone as before.

"And yours, Father O'Brien?" said the doctor, turning to him.

"The living, infallible, personal Head, of the living, infallible, impersonal Church," replied Father O'Brien, with earnestness, equal to that of Franklin.

"Back to our starting-point, gentlemen," returned the doctor, more lightly; "I cannot convince a homœopath, he cannot

convince me. Franklin cannot convince you, you cannot convince him. Shake hands on it, and agree to differ."

"By all means," and the three allies shook hands cordially.

All through this little passage of arms Franklin had been studying his "brother-priest, of the Latin obedience." A man of about thirty-five apparently, tall, black-haired, grey-eyed; a high, intellectual forehead, a square chin, a pleasant voice. "Every inch a priest," was Franklin's conclusion, to whom "priest" was the highest, noblest, most sacred name a man could bear. A man no one could help looking at, more than once.

Then began the battle with death, in one of its most terrible forms, in which these three men, freethinker, Jesuit, and Anglican, stood shoulder to shoulder, and, in so doing, learned from day to day first to know, then to respect, and then to love one another as brothers indeed. Their differences simply ceased to be, for the time being; but the doctor came nearer to faith in Christianity than he had ever been since he left his widowed mother's home. Christianity in practice has more power to convince, more charm to win, than all the eloquence of preachers or all the skill of controversialists. Franklin learnt lessons of self-denial and of self-renunciation—best of all, of self-forgetfulness—from the older priest; and the Jesuit, watching the growth of the true priestly spirit in the young curate, began to wonder whether, after all, Anglican Orders *could* be valid, if such were their fruits, however rare. Then he left the question undecided, and wondered at the priestly grace given by maimed, and, as he believed, invalid rites, to one so sincere and earnest.

Nor were they left alone; three Sisters volunteered to aid in Father O'Brien's work; Mrs. Blakesley and two other women, most firm, most bigoted in their Protestantism, stood by Franklin through it all. They hated nuns with sincerest fervour; they shuddered at the very name of Jesuit; but they learnt to love, if not to understand the Sisters—the feeling was mutual—and would have gone to death at Father O'Brien's bidding. Christianity in practice is best after all.

Indeed it was a time for work; for charity, not for controversy, or differences, or distrust. Were they not all serving the one Master, as each best understood the service? A battle against disease strengthens the unity of a common faith, and minimizes the differences. If the great battle against un-faith is ever won, it will be in the same way.

Franklin spent day after day by the beds of the sick and dying. He simply never felt fatigue or weariness; the most menial offices he performed cheerfully, as the duty of God's priest. The lessons he learned he never forgot, but this is no place to tell them in detail. The doubts were all gone; he had gained that much, at least, it seemed to him that they could never come again. He had made two staunch friends, and—as he thanked God—his love for Edith had *not* come between him and his duty. And in the very midst of the battle he received unexpected aid, to be told in its proper place.

It was over at last, but at what a cost? And all owing to one man's obstinate indifference. Many were dead who could ill be spared; husbands, fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters. But he lived on, who had caused it all, careless of all, except possible blame from the directors in England. For the men had worked languidly, half-heartedly, with many murmurs against one who, to make a larger dividend, had allowed human beings to perish like rot-stricken sheep. Their murmurings would have been curses, and their curses would have led to a strike, with probable outrages, but for the influence of "our parson," and of Father O'Brien and the doctor.

Two things were to happen to Franklin destined to influence his spiritual life. The first was over, the second came soon enough. The last "case" was convalescent—the barrier erected at the end of High Street, Gateshead, had been taken down. Franklin had gone back to Blakesley's to change his clothes and to rest for a few days, till he could with prudence return to the Deanery. It was the first real rest he had enjoyed, so he took up the day's paper, the *Alnwick Chronicle* of April 12, 1876. For more than a month he had been cut off from the world of men, for though supplies and letters had come in, he had had no time for anything, hardly time to wonder why Edith had never answered his last letter.

He understood now, for he read the reason among the marriages.

On April 10, at Jericho Plains, Tasmania, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Launceston, Edith Maude, daughter of the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Boyes, of Lethington, N. S. W., to George Belton, Esq., manager of the Gateshead Colliery, Alnwick.

Married! so soon after he had left her, with her soft whisper, "Good-bye, dear," fresh in his memory, filling him with happi-

ness ; with the soft pressure of her hand, still, as it were, warm in his ! Married ! While he was fighting the battle with disease, at the risk of his own life, she had forgotten him ! Married ! This was God's answer to his question, "Must I bid farewell to earthly love ?" He would be a priest indeed, a priest untrammelled by human ties, like Father O'Brien.

It was too much for him, weakened as he was by the incessant labours of those past weeks. The paper fell from his nerveless fingers, and he grew white as death. Two hours later, and he himself was fighting the dread battle with disease and death, in which he had brought help, comfort, consolation, hope, to so many others ; to those who were vanquished, and to those who conquered.

"God help him !" said Dr. Turner, sadly, as he watched him. And all those who knew him joined in that one prayer.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAJOR DECIDES TO ACT IN SELF-DEFENCE.

"COME out on to the verandah," said Mrs. Boyes, when Franklin left the house that Saturday evening—the 24th of January—after his good-bye to Edith. Mrs. Boyes made the excuse of finding the room hot—no doubt it was ; but, doubtless, her temper was even hotter ; a little letting off of (verbal) steam, for the Major's benefit, would, probably, have the same effect, mentally, as the night air would have physically. A man more dense than the Major—dense he was not—would have easily understood her hint, which he acted on at once ; being quite as anxious to "have it out" with Mrs. Boyes, as she could be to "give him a piece of her mind."

"Well, what is it ?" asked the Major, impatiently, lighting a cigar, without which he could not—so he said, discuss any subject properly.

"Does she really care for him, I wonder ?" said Mrs. Boyes. "If she does, she hides it very well, I must say." This may have been what is known as a *feeler* to discover what George was thinking ; for, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Boyes had, already, made the not very difficult discovery that Edith was in love with Franklin, and, notwithstanding all Franklin's cleverness, that the feeling was mutual. If she wanted to know the Major's opinion, she had not long to wait.

"Of course she does," retorted he, almost rudely, "any fool could see that. And it's your fault," he added, in the tone of a much-aggrieved person.

"Possibly she does," rejoined Mrs. Boyes, with a calmness, real or assumed, which had the effect of annoying him very considerably. It might be that she felt that she had, after all, made a mistake in allowing things to go so far. If Edith really took after her father—there is no better expression—whom Mrs. Boyes, surely most unjustly, considered "the most obstinate man she ever met," then Edith might prove rather more difficult to manage than she bargained for. If she had made a mistake, she was not going to allow George to find it out—if she could help it. The best way to prevent his doing so was, undoubtedly, to make him angry. Then he would forget himself, and she would rise above him in superior and womanly dignity. If she wished to make him angry, she seemed likely to succeed.

"The question is," he resumed, sulkily, and emitting huge puffs of smoke, which tried her temper almost as sorely as she tried his, "what are we to do now?"

Here was an opportunity for her to assert herself as head of the firm, and she did so, promptly, as she might be expected to do.

"Wait," she answered, quietly, and as if there could be no question about it. "Wait and trust me. That is what *you* have got to do." She spoke to him, possibly on purpose, as if issuing her orders to her footman, or to a little boy. It made him furious.

"And you?" he asked, sneeringly. He had, already, so far lost control of himself, that the puff of smoke that followed was very nearly puffed into her face. She did not deign to notice that, but was quick enough to take up the challenge implied in his words.

"Will do nothing," she replied, sharply; she had gained her point, and he had made no allusion to any possibility of mistake on her part, so could afford to be superior, and, at the same time, to a certain extent, conciliatory. "Nothing at all," she repeated, "unless you are more civil and obey me."

"All right, do as you please," he rejoined, sullenly, and something in his tone warned her not to trust him too implicitly. But she said nothing, but simply made up her mind to watch him carefully, to "come down upon him" at the first symptom of independent action; and, short of complete and absolute

submission on his part, to "go over to the enemy," at the last moment if necessary. However, so long as he behaved himself properly she would do all she could to help him, for those reasons which she, no doubt, regarded as amply sufficient. She always prided herself—whether justly or not, is another matter, on being amenable to reason; possibly, as she was so very amenable in the present instance, the reasons were very cogent ones.

As a matter of fact she had just cause for distrusting him, even if it were only from a general acquaintance with his character, and not from a more particular knowledge of his immediate thoughts. He really had made up his mind "to act in self-defence," as he expressed it to himself; without the formality of consulting her at all. Her help was all very well in its way, but was subject to certain limitations by which his action was not trammelled. He knew that she would hesitate, where he would act; that she would, at least, be honourable, as she understood the meaning of that comprehensive and elastic term. Being, professedly, at all events, a religious woman, there were many things which she would stick at, which would not trouble him at all. He was liberal-minded, or called himself so, for the best of all possible reasons—perhaps the most frequent and the most convincing, in order to be free to do as he liked, without being troubled by such old-fashioned follies as religion and conscience. He had made up his mind to marry Edith; if her mother would help him, well and good; if not, he would manage—somehow.

"Good night," he said, presently, in a more amiable tone.

"Good night," she answered, "and trust me." But the trust, if he showed it, was not likely to be mutual, judging by her expression, when his back was turned. Judging by his, when he felt sure that she could not see him, and by his (verbal) expressions as well, when she could not hear him, it was destined not to exist. But she tried her best, and practically succeeded, to prevent any more confidences between Edith and Franklin, so as to show George that she was in earnest. She might, as she said herself, have saved herself the trouble, so far as he was concerned. Wishing to gain her confidence by seeming to fall in with her plan, the Major kept away all day on Sunday, with the best possible intentions. He may have lessened her distrust of him, but he contrived to annoy her. She had the satisfaction, such as it was, of making Edith and Franklin miserable, to a

certain extent. The prospect of perfectly free correspondence consoled them.

That they owed to the Archdeacon ; who, wise in his generation, advised Franklin to address his love-letters to him—his letters being the one privilege which Mrs. Boyes grudgingly allowed him. It was, strictly speaking, a most reprehensible proceeding on his part to be “go-between” in a “clandestine correspondence,” but it is one of the penalties attached to tyranny, national or domestic, that it necessitates actions which the autocrat calls deceitful, or worse, but which the subject deems perfectly fair. The Archdeacon knew that to declare an engagement, after a week’s acquaintance, would lead to a scene unparalleled in the stormy annals of the Boyes family. Moreover, though he himself had no doubt that this Romeo and Juliet love was genuine, he could hardly hope to persuade Mrs. Boyes, who, as he knew, had her own plans, to view the matter quite in the same light. Let the young people wait awhile ; meanwhile, they could write to each other, thanks to himself. It was, so it seemed to him, the perfectly natural sequel of having, for once in his life, got the better of Mrs. Boyes. It may have been wrong, but he enjoyed it thoroughly.

Mrs. Boyes knew better than to act hastily ; that, she knew, might spoil everything. If Edith proved obstinate, she would appeal to her father ; if he took a hand, the game, she felt certain, would go against her. The Archdeacon had been a model husband, so far, but she had an uncomfortable, half-formed consciousness, that he could rebel, if driven too far ; so, like a wise general, she left her enemies in peace for some time, so as to make them think, if she could, that they were to have everything their own way. Edith was allowed, for more than a fortnight, to give herself up undisturbed to sweet memories and to sweeter hopes. Also to the perusal and re-perusal—plus, probably, kissing—of Franklin’s first two letters, such being the follies that lovers indulge in.

Mrs. Boyes observed, with a sort of grim satisfaction, that Edith was happy. She, of course, attributed it to the memories and hopes aforesaid ; fortunately for every one concerned, perhaps unfortunately as well, as it proved, she never suspected the possibility of anything half so serious as a correspondence. As a matter of fact, Edith heard, and wrote, twice a week, that being the limited amount, as they considered it, which the Archdeacon consented to allow. At the end of about a fortnight,

Mrs. Boyes made her first move. Curiously enough, so did the Major. The coincidence was purely accidental. He, like Mrs. Boyes, had decided to act cautiously, with the additional reason that he did not wish to incur her opposition.

Ladies first. Mrs. Boyes acted thus :

"I am glad that young fellow has gone," she said, abruptly, to her husband one morning. Not a very cautious beginning, seemingly, but no doubt she had her reasons, and Edith was not there.

"Why, what's your objection to him?" inquired the Archdeacon, surprised at this sudden, and somewhat unexpected attack.

"Because he had the impertinence to pay marked attention to Edith," she answered, angrily; "most marked," she added, emphatically, making the most of her grievance, as she invariably did, "almost compromising, in fact."

"What harm if he did?" returned her husband, coolly.

She gasped, with astonishment. "Harm!" she exclaimed, as if she could not get her words out, "a penniless curate."

"He has £500 a year now, and is sole heir to a baronetcy and £5,000," was the quiet answer to this tirade.

Mrs. Boyes was startled; this was a new aspect of the matter. George was only heir presumptive to a baronetcy and £3,000, had only £400 a year now. The present baronet might marry, and have a family, just to spite her. If she had only known this sooner. Why had he not told her? She would like to know. Then the vision of the "fearful scandal" about Brother Jack loomed large on her mental vision. Also the triumph of the Archdeacon, if she once gave in. Her supremacy would be gone for ever. She could not do it. She must go through with it now. With a devotion worthy of a better cause, she proceeded to do so. "How do you know?" she demanded, sharply, which, under the circumstances, was hardly surprising, and was what he was sure to expect from her.

"Because I asked him."

"When? Oh, do go on."

"Don't interrupt then!" His much-tried patience was beginning to fail him already. He knew besides, perfectly well, what was coming; if he got really angry, he might be able to carry his point now, and once for all. She looked at him indignantly, but wisely held her tongue for once in her life. "He proposed to me for Edith," he continued, "and I consented."

This was too much for her. "Quick work, after a week's acquaintance!" she said, sneeringly.

He was roused in real earnest, but spoke quietly—as yet. There was no knowing what he might do if she drove him much further. "I wouldn't say too much about quick work, if I were you," he said, with a meaning she understood at once.

It made her furious, yet rendered her more cautious. She had not supposed him capable of making such an apt allusion to her own courtship, which had been, literally, *hers*, and not his at all. A *very* short one, as every body remarked at the time, and quoted—with that delicate consideration and kindly charity that distinguish human nature, a certain well-worn—but not, necessarily, true—proverb. He must have been *very* angry before he could have struck such a blow as that. She never forgave him, as long as she lived.

But she promptly changed her line of attack. "He was in love with another girl, not long ago," she said, confidently; as if *that* argument must prove unanswerable.

Again he was ready for her—which she hardly expected. "I don't believe it," he answered, emphatically—nor did he, for a moment.

She made a false move—being too much astonished at this unexpected opposition to act with caution befitting the occasion. "I tell you it is so," she repeated, as if that settled it.

He saw his advantage, and made use of it. "Who told you?" he asked, sharply.

How should she answer? for answer she must, and at once, or he would accuse her of invention. After what he had said already, he might say anything. In a moment, she decided to betray George for his own good, so she answered: "George Belton, he saw them together." This was not strictly exact; but it was near enough for a lady in a temper.

"The girl's name?" he demanded, speaking more loudly than she had ever known him do before. She had raised a storm which she might find it difficult to quell. She seemed destined to blunder in this wretched affair. But she was, on her own account this time, more than ever determined to go through with it now, at any cost; and to have her own way, on the same terms. Could George have seen and heard her he might have had fewer doubts about the limitations of her assistance.

"He did not tell me," she answered, feeling that George had

put her into this position by his ill-timed reticence about the girl's name. "He should have told me all or nothing," she thought, irritably.

"Then it's a lie," said the Archdeacon; "Belton would say anything to further his own ends; I am perfectly certain that it is a lie." Which it was, in fact.

"You forget that he is my nephew," said Mrs. Boyes, with an air of outraged dignity.

"He's a libertine, a bully, and a liar all the same," was the reply. "There, that's enough, Edith shall never marry him."

"And I say she shall!" and she flung out of the room in a fury.

The Archdeacon lit a cigar; it was the only thing that could soothe his nerves after such a scene. Then he began to think: "Could it be true?" he wondered. He turned it over and over in his mind, resolved to be perfectly impartial, and succeeding better than might have been expected, all things considered. "No," was his ultimate conclusion, before his cigar was half-finished, "it's a lie of Belton's."

A knock at the door. "Can I come in, papa?" said Edith's voice.

"Come in, dear," he answered. "What is the matter with her voice?" he wondered. Then, as the door opened, and he saw her face, "What is it, Edith?" he asked, tenderly and anxiously.

Her only answer—a truly feminine one—was to throw her arms round his neck, and to burst out crying afresh. He caught sight of a letter in her hand, and began to understand the matter, or thought he did.

"What is it, darling?" he asked again, very gently; "tell me, little girl."

She held out the letter, which he took, and read:

Jericho Plains, Feb. 12.

You have robbed an innocent girl who never wronged you, of her lover and her happiness. The same evening that he kissed your hand, after winning *your* victory at tennis, he kissed my lips, and told me he loved me. You have triumphed for a time, but you will not be successful always.

YOUR VICTIM.

"A lie," said the Archdeacon, promptly. The letter was sufficiently true to its assumed character of feminine, reckless jealousy, to deceive Edith; it *might* have taken him in, for a

while, had Mrs. Boyes not put him on his guard. He would not, in any case, have blamed Franklin, even had he believed the production genuine. The writing was perfect, no wonder Edith was in tears. But the Archdeacon knew better; he also knew who had written the letter, and had no intention of being reticent about the matter. Certainly, Mrs. Boyes had blundered sadly.

"Oh, papa," panted Edith, with piteous eagerness, "are you sure?"

"What does your heart tell you?" he asked, gently; "that he could be false?"

"Oh, no! no!" she answered, confidently, "he could not be; but——"

"But what, little girl? Out with it."

"He might have been fond of some one else and she——"

"*All* anonymous correspondence is a *lie*," he answered, gravely; "always be sure of that, little girl." She remembered it afterwards, only too well. "Besides, I know who wrote it." He was so indignant that any one should hurt his little girl so cruelly, to gain a selfish end, that he determined to put her on her guard, once for all.

"Who is it?" she asked, eagerly; but she must have guessed.

"Your cousin George," he answered, quietly, and she knew, almost with pain, that she had guessed correctly.

"Oh, papa! how could he be so cruel?" was all that she could say.

"Promise me," resumed her father, gravely, "to do nothing, and to say nothing. We have no legal proof; and I want to see what will happen next."

"I promise," she said, smiling at him, quite restored to her former happy self, such as he loved to see her. Then kissed him, and left him to his cigar—which had gone out.

She was perfectly polite to Cousin George when he called that evening. It seemed to her, even now, and in spite of her father's assurance, difficult to realize that pleasant, good-natured, easy-going Cousin George could have been capable of such a mean and cruel action. She did not care for him particularly; his compliments and his attentions seemed rather ridiculous in a cousin; but, ever since she could remember, he had always been kind to her. Brought up in a bush township, with an absolute ignorance of the ignoble possibilities of human

nature, she could not understand—as she had said to her father—how Cousin George, of all people, could be so cruel. That he was in love with her, she knew well enough; but that love could make him cruel was altogether beyond her. She herself would have renounced her claims on Franklin with a smile, without one bitter thought, or one unkind word, if only *he* were happy.

So, though she did not doubt her father's assurance, she found it less difficult than she had expected to be perfectly natural in her manner to the Major. Which led him to believe that his first move would prove successful. He secretly crowed over Mrs. Boyes, who seemed unable, in spite of her promises, and her superiority of wisdom—in her own estimation, certainly not in his—to do anything, after all, to advance the matter. It was just as well, he thought, complacently, that he had decided to act, on his own account—in self-defence.

After that, he left her alone for some time, like the wary veteran that he considered himself to be. He knew her well enough to conclude, from her manner to him, that she found it difficult to suspect him of writing the anonymous letter. That she had shown it to her father, he felt certain; that the Archdeacon had told her his own suspicions, he had no doubt; the Archdeacon knowing the Major better than Edith could possibly do, was less well able to conceal his feelings. For the suspicions entertained by the Archdeacon, Mrs. Boyes must be—so the Major was nearly positive, though he could not explain why, even to himself—in some measure responsible. Unless she had done something, or said something, how could the Archdeacon suspect—so the Major reasoned the thing out—that he, of all people, had written a letter so thoroughly feminine in every way. The Archdeacon did not like him, that he was perfectly well aware of; probably knew some of the old stories against him; but, unless Mrs. Boyes had done something idiotic in one of her infernal tempers—that was how the Major put it—what business had the Archdeacon to suspect him of doing anything dishonourable. That Mrs. Boyes had—to use a colloquial phrase—given herself away badly, there is no doubt; but for the Archdeacon's suspicions the Major's own character was to blame, and not anything idiotic that Mrs. Boyes had said or done. That she had strengthened the Archdeacon's suspicions, is more than probable.

Fate, all at once, seemed, as it were, to play into the Major's

hands. Had he been Deputy Providence he could not have arranged anything more likely to suit him, than that which occurred, most opportunely, as he considered it. Doubtless, from his point of view, it was most opportune.

On Sunday, March the 7th, Mrs. Gascoigne died of small-pox, and the epidemic began. The Major had been warned, as Dr. Turner had told Franklin, but had paid no attention to the doctor's warning. On Wednesday, the 10th, he received another letter :

121, High Street, Alnwick, March 8th, 1876.

Sir,—It is my duty to inform you that small-pox has broken out at No. 16, No. 18, No. 25, and No. 43, High Street, Gateshead, and at No. 11, Wallsend Lane. At No. 16, High Street, Mrs. Thomas Gascoigne died last night in the presence of her husband, the Rev. G. Franklin, and myself. I expect an epidemic, and Mr. Franklin, Father O'Brien, and I, intend to shut ourselves up in the infected district, so as to devote ourselves entirely to the sufferers.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

George Belton, Esq.

RICHARD TURNER.

"That man again," thought the Major, irritably, on reading Gascoigne's name. "Why the devil didn't he die, as well as his wife?" The Major felt as if he had been unfairly treated. Fate, when it sent the epidemic, might as well have done the thing thoroughly, as he would have done. Then he consoled himself with the reflection that the small-pox was only just beginning ; that Gascoigne might die yet—other people too, possibly. Those who stood in his way he would not, of course, actively injure—only fools do that—but, naturally, he could not be expected to feel sorrow if anything were to happen to them, small-pox, for instance. Then an idea occurred to him, suggested by the doctor's letter, and he proceeded to act upon it, cautiously and carefully. He would bother the old man—the Archdeacon—this time.

He began by writing two letters. One, which was dated two days in advance, and which will appear in its proper place, seemed to require constant and close attention to the doctor's letter, for some reason best known to himself. The other was to a useful friend of his in Alnwick. Had the friend known the contents of the first letter, which was enclosed in the second, even his elastic friendship might have been insufficient to induce him to comply with a request which, as it was, appeared perfectly simple and natural. It was addressed to—

ROBERT GARDNER, ESQ.,
Alnwick Chronicle Office,
Alnwick, N.S.W.

Jericho Plains, Tasmania, March 10, 1876.

Dear Gardner,—Kindly post enclosed immediately on receipt. It is a question of the time taken between here and Alnwick and back again. The Archdeacon says it can't be done under six days; I say four, and that he will get a letter on Sunday from Alnwick, in answer to this.

Yours,

GEORGE BELTON.

Truly, the Major was making his second move under more favourable conditions than he had made the first. He was not likely to fail this time, he reflected, confidently; the old man, as he irreverently denominated the Venerable Thomas Boyes, simply could not suspect him this time.

Edith, during all these weeks, had been longing to get home. Franklin's letters, and her writing to him, gave her happiness greater than she could have believed possible. But she wanted to be nearer to him, away from Cousin George, she added, half unconsciously. Cousin George's attentions had become more pressing, now that "he" had gone away; people were beginning to talk about them, she felt, with quick, feminine intuition. But her mother showed no wish to move, she seemed to be quite content to stay on at Jericho Plains, indefinitely. But surely they would go home when the Archdeacon's regulation six weeks were ended—that would be at the beginning of March. She tried to be patient until then, but she found it hard, though her father cheered her as well as he was able to do so.

But February came to an end at last, and March began; "only a few days more," Edith thought, and the look of eager longing, which even her mother had noticed, grew more marked in her face. She would see him soon, only a few days now. Then came the news of the small-pox, and she knew that she must wait. Her mother refused to pass through Alnwick—as they must do—until all danger was over, though, as a matter of fact, there was absolutely none, thanks to the precautions so wisely taken by Doctor Turner and the mayor of Alnwick. But when Mrs. Boyes said, "I won't," her husband and daughter knew, by long experience, that the matter was settled, until she changed her mind. The Archdeacon was reluctant to leave

Edith, but—unfortunately for her—he felt bound to name the 25th of March as his day for returning to Lethington. The Major felt like a man who has undertaken a heavy risk ; but he made his own arrangements to attend to colliery business—a meeting of the board on the subject of the small-pox, on Saturday, the 13th of March. In that case, how could he have anything to do with the letter which the Archdeacon was to receive on Sunday the 14th? He would return later on, if he could, so he said to Edith. Mrs. Boyes understood him, as he intended that she should.

The Archdeacon did not suspect him—about his going away ; perhaps he was too glad to get rid of him. Edith, unfortunately for herself, thought better of Cousin George for his interest in the poor colliers, not knowing that he was to blame for the outbreak of small-pox. It is painfully easy to gain credit from our neighbours, almost as easy as it is to lose it. An accident, for or against us, will turn the scale either way. Cousin George, by his interest in the poor colliers—that was Edith's phrase—disarmed, for the time being, the Archdeacon's suspicions, and gained full credit from Edith. Perhaps she also was glad to be relieved of his presence, and that may have had something to do with her more favourable opinion of him. Our best actions and thoughts have, after all, a greater or less alloy of selfishness, in the best of us.

Sunday, the 14th of March, was a day which none of them could ever forget. There was a letter in a strange hand, with the postmark, "Alnwick, Mch. 12, '76, p.m.," addressed to the Archdeacon. Thinking that it must be a circular or a bill, he put it aside, or was it a presentiment? He thought, afterwards, that it must have been, and thanked God that he had not read it at the breakfast-table until he was *sure*. He opened it in his study, as the little ground-floor bed-room was called, carelessly at first, and then with a face that grew paler and paler with a sickening dread.

16, High Street, Gateshead, March 12, 1876.

My dear Sir,—It is my painful duty to inform you that small-pox broke out here on the 7th inst. Mr. Franklin, who devoted himself with noble heroism to the sufferers, was taken ill, early on yesterday (Thursday) morning, and died at 2 p.m. to-day.

Yours, with sincere sympathy,

RICHARD TURNER, M.D.

The Venerable Archdeacon Boyes.

The Archdeacon's first thought was, "Can it be true?" He knew Doctor Turner by name, but had never seen his handwriting. But that first move of the Major's had made him suspicious, and his suspicions were wide awake again now. Still it seemed almost too circumstantial not to be true. He knew that there was small-pox in Gateshead, that Franklin was living in the very midst of infection; that he had heard from Dean Matheson, who was proud to tell of the young man's heroic devotion to his duty. He also knew that small-pox sometimes kills quickly. It *might* be true, he thought, sadly; if so, God help his little girl. But true or not, he was determined not to tell her, until he *knew*. It might be another lie of Belton's, the man who could stab an innocent girl in the dark with an anonymous letter as he had done, was capable of even this. He would make certain first.

Unfortunately, even for this the Major was prepared. He thought it just possible that the Archdeacon might suspect him this time, as he evidently had done on the former occasion; perhaps that was why he made a point of getting two days' start.

"I am going to Lethington," said the Archdeacon, on the same evening.

Mrs. Boyes was surprised, though she did not show it. She knew he intended returning to Lethington, and was not sorry for it, as it would leave her a free hand. But she had not expected this announcement quite so soon after George's departure. Then, all at once the thought occurred to her, had George done anything?

"When?" she asked, in as matter of fact a tone as she could muster. She might have saved herself the trouble now—and on previous occasions—of trying to lull any possible suspicions on his part. He was not suspicious of her, whatever he might be as regarded the Major. Had he suspected her of deceiving him, he would have left her.

"By to-morrow's steamer," he answered.

On Wednesday morning, the 17th, he arrived at the Deanery. "Is Franklin really dead, Mr. Dean?" he asked, anxiously, coming to the point at once.

"I am afraid he is," was the grave answer, "poor, brave young fellow." And the Dean handed an *Alnwick Chronicle* of the 16th, Tuesday, to the Archdeacon, who read, among the editorials:

It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of the Reverend Gilbert Franklin, assistant at St. Peter's Cathedral, in this city. This reverend gentleman, with a rare and heroic devotion to duty, shut himself up in the small-pox district with Dr. Turner, the Rev. Lawrence O'Brien, S.J., and other devoted assistants. Mr. Franklin was taken ill on Thursday, and died on Friday. In the absence of a clergyman, the burial was performed by Dr. Turner, amid the deep grief of the many men and women who mourn the loss of a devoted friend and faithful pastor.

It was true then, the Archdeacon thought sadly. God help and comfort his daughter. "What is to be done now, Mr. Dean?" he inquired, gravely, after a pause of a few minutes.

"What can be done?" asked the Dean, in his turn; "I am not able to go, would to God I were; but the doctor simply won't let me."

"I will go," said the Archdeacon, quietly. And he did.

This was the unexpected aid which Franklin received in the very midst of the battle.

Truly, fate seemed to be on the side of the Major. Franklin, whom he feared most, was dead—so the *Chronicle* said, without possibility of contradiction until it was too late. The Archdeacon, who alone was likely to offer any real opposition, had gone to take Franklin's place, and was disposed of—so the Major had reason to believe—for at least a month. That was time enough and to spare.

Reviews.

I.—TEN YEARS IN ANGLICAN ORDERS.¹

Ten Years in Anglican Orders is a title which sufficiently describes the little volume before us. Father Rivington recommends it on two grounds—one, that it records the process of thought and experience which led a Low Church clergyman to the Church; the other, that it unveils to us a soul's struggle with singular pathos. It is a recommendation fully borne out by the facts. The writer having resolved to enter the ministry, placed himself for his preparatory studies under a tutor of Evangelical tendency of thought. This gentleman, with the aid of the books he prescribed, succeeded in thoroughly convincing the writer that the Anglican Church was the child of the Reformation, and that Evangelicalism was the only sound standpoint for one who desired to be faithful to her formularies. Soon the time came for presenting himself for ordination, and with it came the first serious difficulty. The Bishop who had accepted him for ordination was, like his tutor, an Evangelical, but his examining chaplains were men of "advanced" views, and had the reputation of exacting these views as essential from the candidates. Here was a puzzle certainly. If the writer answered the papers in an Evangelical sense, even though he knew that to be the view of the Bishop, he would probably be plucked, as indeed shortly afterwards one of his subsequent fellow-curates was almost plucked. On the other hand, if he answered the papers in a High Church sense, he would be going against his conscience. Fortunately, a shrewd friend suggested that he should answer them historically, suppressing his own personal opinions, and in this way he passed successfully through the ordeal. Being, however, a man of earnest and thoughtful mind, such an experience naturally pressed upon him the question, What was really the doctrine of the Church of England, which,

¹ *Ten Years in Anglican Orders*. By "Viator." With Preface by the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. London: Catholic Truth Society.

as her minister, he was to teach? Clearly there were two great schools of thought which she tolerated within her fold, and they were wholly distinctive and mutually destructive. What view, then, was he "to take of a Church which commissioned its ministers to deliver an important message, but hesitated clearly to define what that message was, and took no pains to ascertain how far the men it proposed to consecrate had themselves received and understood it?" Certainly this was a serious consideration, and his subsequent experiences all tended to impress it more deeply upon his attention. What these experiences were amidst the strange differences of view, and still stranger indifference to the importance of such differences, which characterize the Anglican clergy, the reader must ascertain from a perusal of the volume, but we can promise that the perusal will be found deeply interesting.

2.—THE WORKS OF DENIS THE CARTHUSIAN.¹

This is the age of sumptuous editions. It was not surprising that the sons of St. Bruno, with their well-known devotion to letters, having before their eyes what had already been done in the case of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, B. Albertus Magnus, and other great luminaries of the middle ages, should wish to pay due honour to their own Venerable Denis Ryckel, or Denis Van Leeuwen, better known to the world at large as Dionysius Carthusianus. Great labour has for some time been spent, both by the Carthusians themselves and by the Rev. Father Ingold, in the collation of MSS. and the study of early editions, and after an admirable preliminary essay published last year by Dom A. Mongel upon the life and literary work of the "Ecstatic Doctor," a beginning has now been made in the issue of the works themselves by the publication of the Commentary on Genesis with a portion of that on Exodus. The great difficulty which the undertaking will have to contend with is undoubtedly the bulk of the material which has to be published. The Venerable Dionysius was a most prolific writer, and the editor's estimate that the works will occupy no less than forty-eight 4to volumes of 700 or 800

¹ *Doctoris Ecstatici D. Dionysii Cartusiani Opera Omnia*. Vol. i. 4to, 684 pp. Montreuil-sur-Mer: Imprimerie de la Chartreuse de N.D. des Prés, 1897.

Denis le Chartreux (1402—1471), Sa Vie, Son Role. Par Dom A. Mongel. 90 pp. 1896. From the same Press.

pages in double columns. It is only fair to point out that the series is offered to subscribers at the extraordinarily low price of eight francs a volume. Looking at the excellent paper and type of the first issue now before us, it is hardly possible to suppose that the work can ever prove remunerative. The Fathers of the Order, at a great outlay, are really bestowing a boon upon the Church and upon the world of letters, and we heartily wish that they may meet with generous encouragement in the task they have undertaken. The volume before us is ushered in by a reprint of the sketch of the author's life in Latin, and by other prefatory matter, one of the most interesting items in which is a letter of the Blessed Martyr, John Houghton, Prior of the London Charterhouse, addressed to Dom Theodoric Loer, a brother Carthusian, on the appearance of an edition of the collected works of Dionysius, which were printed at Cologne in 1532. For those of our readers who may wish for further information as to the nature of the writings of the Ecstatic Doctor and the position accorded to him as a commentator on Scripture and a master of mystical theology, we cordially recommend the *brochure* of Dom A. Mongel, which may be procured separately. It is a very pleasantly written little sketch, which gives a vivid picture of the man and his surroundings. Most interesting is it to learn that the austere Religious, famous for his ecstasies and for his miracles, whose life was given to God almost from his earliest youth, was nevertheless a boy like other boys, no better and no worse than we know them in our own day. In one of those little autobiographical touches which light up his commentaries on Holy Scripture, he says of himself, in a passage we must not spoil by translation: "Et eram puer valde malus, pugnans frequenter in agro contra alios pueros ovium pastores." We have nothing but the most cordial good wishes for the success both of the *Opera Omnia* themselves and of the *brochure* which serves to introduce them.

3.—ST. AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY AND HIS COMPANIONS.¹

A good deal has been written of late about St. Augustine of Canterbury, and no doubt a good deal more will still be written before this year of jubilee draws to a close. It is

¹ *St. Augustin de Canterbury et ses Compagnons.* Par le R. P. Brou, S.J. 8vo. Paris: Lecoffre, 1897.

inevitable, from the circumstances of the case, that most of this literature, from whichever side it proceeds, is apt to be pervaded with a strongly controversial tone. Still there are probably a certain class of readers who do not care for controversy, but who would be glad to have the story of St. Augustine's mission and its results simply and picturesquely put before them, with the assistance of such side-lights as have been supplied by recent historical research. To these we strongly commend the sketch of St. Augustine of Canterbury which has just been published by Father Brou, S.J. Father Brou knows his subject well, he is familiar with what has been written about it in England and on the Continent, and he is the master of an easy and graceful style. His work is a model of conciseness, and yet it displays to the best advantage the many picturesque elements in the story, with some of which we are all familiar, but others of which it may fairly be taken for granted that many of us have forgotten.

4.—THE MALAYS AT HOME.¹

This brilliant little volume combines qualities not often found in conjunction—intimate personal acquaintance with the wild life of an uncivilized region—great literary skill—and serious though unobtrusive thoughtfulness, which obliges the reader to look beneath the surface of things, confronting him with grave and solemn problems. The form in which it is cast is likewise unusual. In nineteen vivid and graphic narratives, are set before us the features which most strikingly characterize the life of the various tribes of Malays, and of the utterly savage aboriginal tribes, the Sákai and Sěmary, whom they have thrust out from the fairest portion of their land. The stories are not represented as being in all particulars exact relations of actual facts, and in some instances the writer is evidently his own authority for incidents which he narrates; nevertheless, the collection as a whole bears the stamp of absolute truthfulness, and in many cases we are assured that the tales are told precisely as they occurred. We are thus presented with a picture, extraordinarily interesting but infinitely sad, of the life of these peoples, the childish and sordid pursuits to which

¹ *In Couri and Kampong*; being Tales and Sketches of Native Life in the Malay Peninsula. By Hugh Clifford. London: Grant Richards, 1897. ix. 256 pp.

they devote their existence, their cruelty, their moral degradation, their hideous superstitions, while we are carefully left in doubt as to the author's own opinion as to the reality of the more remarkable preternatural influences under which they believe themselves to live. Still more melancholy is his forecast of the effect which Western civilization is likely to have upon them. This, he has no doubt, will be for the benefit of the community at large. "No one," he declares, "who has seen the horrors of native rule, and the misery to which the people living under it are oftentimes reduced, can find room to doubt that, its many drawbacks notwithstanding, the only salvation for the Malays lies in the increase of British influence in the Peninsula, and in the consequent spread of modern ideas, progress, and civilization." None the less, the drawbacks are very serious, and however it may be with the collective body, its individual members will be not better but worse for the change. "There is no blinking the fact that the first, immediate, and obvious effects of our spirit of progress upon the weaker races, tend towards degeneration;" and we can scarcely wonder at such an estimate, when he has to say of the present state of things: "Their morals are, for the most part, those of the streets of London after eleven o'clock on a Saturday night."

The great charm of the book is due to a quality still more uncommon than those already indicated, which must be explained in the writer's own words:

In common with many of my countrymen, I am content to devote the best years of my life to an attempt to bring about some of those revolutions in facts and ideas which we hold to be for the ultimate good of the race. None the less, however, this book has been written in a spirit of deepest sympathy with all classes of Malays, and I have striven throughout to appreciate the native point of view, and to judge the people and their actions by their own standards, rather than by those of a White Man living in their midst.

5—A HANDFUL, AND OTHER STORIES.¹

Readers of *Ursel* will not need to be told that it is worth their while to buy *A Handful* by the same authoress, Mrs. Maitland. The same scenes, in the south-western district of Scotland, are chosen, and there is the same delightful portraiture

¹ *A Handful, and other Stories.* By Frances Maitland. London: Catholic Truth Society.

of the simplicity and humour of peasant life in those parts. But really, there are two points against which we feel moved to protest, just because the stories are otherwise so good. It is grating to have one's interest in a character strongly excited, and then to have him put out of sight and despatched by a distressing kind of death. If Anra was to die as he did, we ought at least to have been introduced to his prison cell, and to have witnessed the expressions of his penitence. Then again, as regards another of the tales, why illustrate the evils of mixed marriages by making a very excellent youth, just the kind of Protestant husband the Church would have least objection to, fall in love with a nice heroine, and then, when all our sympathies are aroused on his behalf, cause her to refuse him on the religious ground only. The effect of such an arrangement is not to bring out the evils of mixed marriages, but rather to excite a feeling that the Church's attitude to them is unduly harsh. These two little criticisms we have permitted ourselves, not to detract from the merits of a charming little volume, but by way of a suggestion to the authoress should she be disposed, as we hope she is, to give us more of her stories afterwards.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

QUITE a multitude of tracts, doctrinal and biographical, together with the always welcome 'stories, all recently published, lie on the table before us to attest the enterprise of the Catholic Truth Society. First come tracts on the claims and doctrines of the Catholic Church, headed by Cardinal Vaughan's *The Anglican Archbishops and the Pope*. Originally preached as a sermon at Great Ormond Street on the morrow of the appearance of the Anglican Archbishops' Reply, it has already attracted a good deal of attention, for it was felt at once that it had hit the weakest of all the weak points in the Archbishops' answer, the uncertain, indeed equivocal, character of their pronouncement on the Eucharistic Sacrifice. This same subject of sacrifice is taken up by Father Barnes, who in his *No Sacrifice, no Priest*, states the case with singular clearness, and puts for us the effect and significance of the Archiepiscopal

Reply most usefully into a nut-shell. The Anglican rite, he says, according to the account given of it by the two prelates, "offers in sacrifice, words, and gifts, and creatures—but not Christ. That is precisely what we have contended, and no more overwhelming proof could possibly be given to all the Bishops of the Catholic Church, to East as well as West, that the Pope was fully justified in his action."

Next comes Father Rivington's *Tekel*, which calmly examines this same Archiepiscopal Reply, and shows with a force which one would think should convince every serious reader, (1) that the Archbishops in their criticisms of the Bull have simply "missed the point" of its argument, and so have fought only against a shadow; (2) that as regards its constructive part, "it really consists, not in claiming to have the same power as the Church of Rome claims, but in denying that the Catholic Church possesses any such power," not in trying to level up the Anglican Church to the doctrinal plane of the Church Catholic, but in trying to level down the Church Catholic to the doctrinal plane of sixteenth-century Anglicanism. What will, however, attract most attention in *Tekel* is its list of "seventy-five flaws" discoverable in the Anglican Reply. This portion requires to be very carefully compared with the text of the Reply, but the number is not overstated; indeed, one or two others might be added. Father Rivington's tract should be possessed by all who take interest in the question.

Rome and the Bible is a reprint of Father Donnelly's sermons at Liverpool, which were a reply to certain misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine regarding the Bible by Mr. Samuel Smith. Father Donnelly writes in a popular style, and makes accessible to all a large number of valuable facts about Catholic and Protestant action and policy in regard to Bible-reading. Canon Connelly's name cannot be mentioned just now without an accompanying expression of hope that he may recover from the effects of his sad accident, and be spared to us for many more years. *England and the Holy Eucharist* is a "sketch of the faith and practice of this country before the Reformation in regard to the Holy Eucharist." The author acknowledges his indebtedness for the idea and much of the contents to Father Bridgett's *History of the Holy Eucharist in England*. It may, therefore, be regarded as an abridgment of the latter—very useful in itself, and still more useful if it encourages readers to pass on afterwards to the

larger work. The devotion of our ancestors to the Blessed Sacrament, and the modes in which it found expression, form a subject which should be of much interest to us, their descendants, and should stimulate us to follow in their footsteps.

The thoughts of many will be turned during the next two or three months to the celebrations of the Coming of St. Augustine, and the Catholic Truth Society has foreseen that some literature concerning it will be required. Father Gasquet's fine essay, read at Archbishop's House, is to appear almost immediately as one of their tracts, and Father Sydney Smith's article in our last issue is to be added to the Historical Series. These two will supplement each other, each dealing with an aspect of the subject which the other passes over; but it was also a happy thought of Abbot Snow to give, under the title of *The Coming of St. Augustine*, by *Venerable Bede*, a translation of Bede's own account of this event, which stands at the fountain-head of our religious history. Abbot Snow has prefixed to his translation a short introduction on the history and qualifications of St. Bede as an historian. *Serjeant Jones and his Talks about Confession* is an old friend in a new dress. It is not necessary to say that Father Bampffield—our veteran tract writer, as we may call him—is the author of this little tract, which has already been found so useful in the instruction of converts. It comes out now for the first time under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society. *Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament* is another of Father Bampffield's tracts which the Catholic Truth Society has now taken over. *The true Story of Barbara Ubryk* is a tract which undertakes, and pretty effectively too, the exposure of another Protestant fiction. Barbara Ubryk was a Polish nun who went raving mad, and had to be confined for security's sake. The Rev. Lancelot Holland has been working the case with the aid of certain supposed depositions by Barbara and others, and certain imaginary reports of Austrian Commissions, but Father Sydney Smith, S.J., has obtained some legally authenticated documents from Poland, which place it beyond doubt, that Mr. Holland's depositions and reports are simply manufactured, and that the account they give of the case is wholly false. *Modern Science and Ancient Faith* is the republication of an essay read by Father John Gerard, S.J., at the Hanley Conference last autumn. It was very favourably received there, and a desire that it should appear in a more permanent form was expressed. Father Gerard points out

that, if science is declared to have successfully undermined the foundations of Christian faith, those who declare this are not the men best entitled to speak in the name of science; and he cites many distinguished names in support of his statement. He then goes on to remind us that the achievements of recent experimental science—even if we accept as such much which is disputed by geologists like Sir Joseph Dawson, and botanists like Mr. Carruthers—do not touch the question of ultimate origins, that is to say, they simply do not affect one way or another the time-honoured reasons on which we rely for our proofs of the existence of God, of the creation of man, or even of the origin of life.

Next in order come some biographical tracts. We have a *Life of Bishop Challoner* by Dr. Burton, who has known how to do justice to a most attractive subject. Challoner, Milner, Wiseman—these we may say are the three names which stand out among the rest in the succession of our prelates, as names of three distinguished men whose wise rule, forcible writings, and holy lives, kept English faith alive during the century previous to the Catholic revival—a period which in some respects was the most trying through which it had passed.

The recent history of the Catholic Church in Scotland would not be complete unless it assigned a place to St. Margaret's Convent, Edinburgh. *The Conversion of Miss Traill*, is an account of the conversion from Scotch Presbyterianism of one of the foundresses of the convent. Father Bridgett edits, but the subject of the narrative is also its writer, her letters having been preserved. Some of our non-Catholic friends are wont to recommend visits to Italy as likely to disenchant any who over here may be attracted to the Catholic faith. With Miss Traill a sojourn in Italy acted, as it has done in many cases, just the other way. Gradually, and in the teeth of much opposition from her own prejudices, the truth was forced on her that faith and devotion such as she saw in Catholic countries must be the offspring of a true religion. The story is graphically told, though a little cutting down in some places would have improved it. Father Bridgett also contributes another interesting biography, this time of an American convert of the last century, in his *Life of the Rev. John Thayer*. Father Thayer was, like Miss Traill, won over to the Church by his experiences of Catholic faith on the Continent, but in a special way he may be styled the convert of Blessed Benedict Joseph

Labré. Not that he ever met Blessed Benedict, but his death whilst Mr. Thayer was in Rome, led the latter to inquire into the case by interrogating the confessor of the Saint and some who had been cured by his relics. Father Thayer's chief work after his ordination was in the United States, but, being detained by circumstances in London for the period of a year, he settled down in the Borough, and whilst leading a most mortified life contrived to gather the Catholics together, convert some Protestants, and found two schools, one for each sex. He may thus be fairly numbered among the founders of the parish of St. George's.

The Bishop of Newport writes, as the Bishop of Newport can write, on Church Music, its plan and purpose in the service of the Church, especially of the Mass, and he explains to us wherein lie the excellencies of the Plain Chant. If it is displeasing, he says, to so many, this is because they have not learnt to pierce through its exterior, and reach the elements in it which appeal, not to sense, but to imagination and intellect. When a man "becomes familiar with it, he finds that it is a true art; that it has form, symmetry, variety, and beauty. He comes to love the tones of its stately melody, to recognize its sequences, at first so strange, and to rest in its unhackneyed closes."

Shrines of Our Lady and *The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play* are companions to two sets of magic-lantern slides, and *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* are two more of Father R. F. Clarke, S.J.'s little meditation books, each giving meditations for a month. *The Catholic Servant* is a little treatise by Father Howe on the duties of Catholic servants, to whom St. Zita is proposed as a pattern.

How many numbers of *Wayside Tales* have already been noticed in THE MONTH we cannot for the moment remember; but ten numbers of the First Series are lying before us, as are also three new numbers (Nos. 24, 25, 26) of the Catholic Library of Tales. Stories can usually get on without any recommendation, but the character of these is also vouched for by the character of those that have preceded them.

The Catechism simply explained for Converts is by Father Cafferata. It is a little book intended for the instruction of converts—one which a priest can use in teaching them, or which they can read for themselves. It follows the text of the penny Catechism, each question and answer being printed in Clarendon

type, and a short explanation added. Father Cafferata has every reason to hope that his Catechism Explained will prove useful. It is just the sort of thing a priest does want to put into the hands of converts who would not be able to appreciate elaborate justifications of Catholic doctrine, but need only to have its essentials set before them in simple language.

St. Teilo's Society likewise sends us two leaflets, one, *A Letter to Candid Protestants*, which is a crushing exposure of the ways of Mr. Alexander Rogers, Protestant lecturer, who, having challenged Mr. F. D. Lewis, the writer, to produce any non-English Catholic catechism, containing the full text of the First (Protestant "Second") Commandment, was, as the leaflet recounts, confronted on the platform with twenty-two such catechisms, and sought to deliver himself by denying his own printed words; the other, *Protestant Alliance Buffoonery*, shows how easy it would be to apply to the acts and practices of our Lord, His Apostles, and others which are recorded in the Bible, the same style of buffoonery which, when applied to the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Faith, is considered argument by the Protestant Alliance people. Both these leaflets are written by Mr. Lewis with his usual smartness. His blows are sure to tell.

Père Ragey's *Anglo-Catholicism*, with a Preface by Cardinal Vaughan (Paris: Libraire Victoire-Lecoffre), reaches us at the last moment, but we have great pleasure in announcing its appearance. It is an excellent attempt by one who has worked in England, to make his own countrymen understand better what is so perplexing to them—the true nature of Anglicanism. Dr. Lunn sends us a republication of *Barlow's Dialogue*. This also has arrived too late to be more than announced in the present number, but we may thank him for republishing a work which, whether or not it makes out Barlow to have been less Protestant than is generally supposed, is at all events a useful addition to our literature on the subject.

II.—MAGAZINES.

MESSANGER OF THE SACRED HEART. (June.)

General Intention for the month—"Filial Loyalty to the Holy See." Stories of our Island Saints (St. Alban). Various Vocations. XVIII. The Sisters of the Visitation. Intern-

perance and Self-denial. Chapters on the Apostleship. Sailors' Corner. Short Points for First Friday Meditations. Are Catholics doing their duty for our poor Children? Search Light. And other articles.

Some articles from foreign Magazines :

THE CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (May 1.)

The Jewish Dispersion in the Modern World. On the borders of Thessaly.

— (May 15.)

Plutocracy and Pauperism. Rome and Canterbury, an Examination of the Anglican Reply. Part 2. Unpublished Document concerning Anglican Ordinations.

THE ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (May 5.)

The French Observatory in Madagascar. *Father Colin, S.J.* Diabolic Possession. *Father Leroy, S.J.* Montalembert. II. *Father Cornut, S.J.*

— (May 20.)

A Record of Second Century Faith—the Abercian Epitaph. *Father L. de G.* The Schapira Fraud. *Father Prat, S.J.* Materialistic Cosmogony. *Father de Joannis, S.J.*

DER KATHOLIK. (May.)

A Plea for the Healing of Religious Differences. Evolution and Society. *Dr. Englert.* Father John Morris, S.J. *Dr. A. Bellesheim.* Melancthon and Freedom of Conscience. *Dr. R. Paulus.* Christian Iconography. *Von Steinle.* Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (May.)

The "Epistula ad Virginem Lapsam," a hitherto unpublished fragment of the fourth century. *Dom G. Morin.* The Historical Development of the Cultus of St. Joseph. III. *D. C. A.* The Story of a Literary Centre. The Abbey of Silos. *Dom Martial Besse.* Cardinal Sanfelice. III. *D. L. J.* Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (May.)

The Armenian Massacres. *V. Brifaut.* Marriage in China. *Oh-Tsong-Lien.* My Little Trott. *A. Lichtenberger.* A Journey through Rhodesia. *A. Bordeaux.* Budapest. *J. G. Freson.* The Reminiscences of a Military Chaplain. *Com. Grandin.* The Theatre in Lent. *P. Malpy.* Reviews.

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